BRITANNIA and EVE

JUNE
1943

C. PATRICK THOMPSON
DAY RUSSELL

FERDINAND TUOHY
JANE GORDON

F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

She steps out—

— with ease and grace —

Porthole

SELBERITE ARCH PRESERVER SHOES have the exclusive scientific features that ensure untiring foot-energy and comfort.

(1) **THE ARCH BRIDGE**, constructed of special finely tempered steel, gives the foot a firm foundation.

(2) **FLAT INNERSOLE** provides a walking base as natural as the ground under the bare foot.

(3) **METATARSAL PAD** relieves the pressure caused by raised heels and keeps the tendons free, easy and straight.

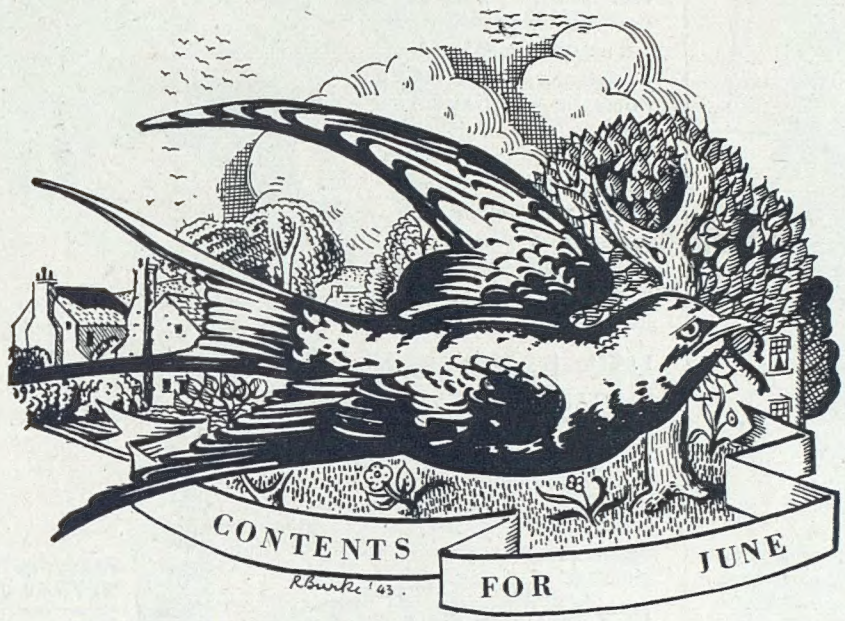
Celebrity

SELBERITE Arch Preserver SHOES

300 Shops in the British Isles are authorised to fit and sell Selberite Arch Preservers. Write for list of them to Arch Preserver Shoe Ltd. (London Office): 17/18 Old Bond Street, W.1

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 26, No. 6 JUNE, 1943



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by *Colin Orme*

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

Harringtons Squares REG'D

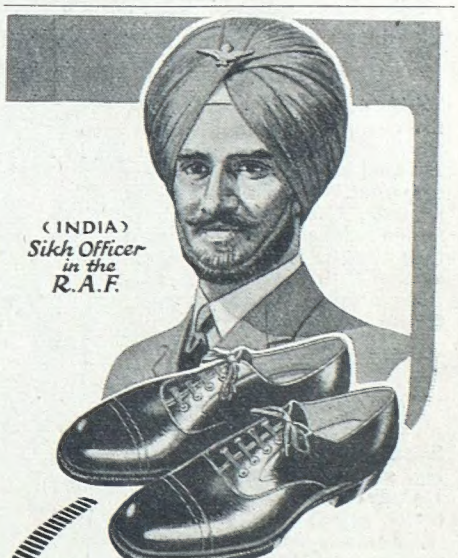
30 × 30 24 × 24

Baby deserves the best—nobody's going to argue about *that*. And when it's a question of Squares, the best is undoubtedly *Harringtons*—used and advised by Maternity Homes and nurses as the lightest, softest and most absorbent of "nappies." No chafing, or irritation either, and *so* easy to wash. Same fine material in Harringtons Face and Bath Towels, Half Squares, Cot Pads, Feeders, Bibs, Washing Squares, etc. Remember, too, Harringtons Square Protectors to prolong the life of your Squares—and Harringtons Baby Soap and Powder . . . ideal for that tender, soft little skin.

Owing to war conditions supplies of all Harringtons goods are limited. Launder with greatest care to make them last as long as possible—they're worth the effort.

HARRINGTONS (LONDON) LTD.
(late of Cheapside),
329 Brighton Road, South Croydon, Surrey

THE BEST FOR BABY



Throughout *the* Empire the shoes of more & more officers are being polished with

NUGGET BOOT POLISH

For Extra Smartness

IN BLACK, MILITARY TAN & DARK BROWN.

USE SPARINGLY—THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED N/JN

The Secret of Health and Beauty -Salads

SALADS ARE NATURE'S TONICS AND BEAUTY FOODS. They put a sparkle in the eyes, gloss on the hair and spring in the step. They're doubly important now; they have not only to play their own good part, but take the place of fruit as well. A salad a day should be your rule; a good big plateful, not just a finicky spoonful or so!

All green vegetables, and young, tender root vegetables, are at home in the salad bowl. Cabbage is not just a winter substitute for lettuce, it's much richer than that conventional plant in Vitamin C. Don't be afraid to experiment with salads. Test and taste—it's worth it.

Some salad health values

For Vitamin A: The richest are spinach, cauliflower leaves and parsley. Carrots, of course, but you absorb more A when they're cooked, strangely enough!

For Vitamin C: At least twice as good as oranges are cabbage, broccoli tops, parsley, kale, spinach, cauliflower (with the green), watercress, mustard and cress. As good as oranges: turnips, tomatoes, swedes. Good, but not so good as oranges: lettuce, parsnips, potatoes. Of course, that doesn't exhaust the list of good salad ingredients. All others are good, and give you necessary vitamins and minerals.

Prepare them this way

Tender leaves can be broken with the fingers, but avoid bruising or fine chopping or grating, as this destroys the Vitamin C. Root vegetables can be diced, sliced, or cut in slivers with a potato peeler No long soaking; the goodness seeps out. Wash as quickly as possible. Use as soon after buying or picking as possible, but if they must be kept, then wrap in a damp cloth and put into something airtight — a saucepan with the lid on will do.

Salad as a main dish

Salad as a main dish is refreshing, saves time, work and fuel. Include cold cooked potatoes and cheese grated or sliced, or cold diced meat, flaked fish, some sardines, pilchards or salmon, cooked dried beans. If some members of the family insist on "something hot" begin with some hot soup.

June Salad.

1 lettuce, 1 breakfastcupful finely shredded spring cabbage or spinach, 1 breakfastcupful cooked broad beans, 1 breakfastcupful diced cooked potato, a few radishes for garnish.

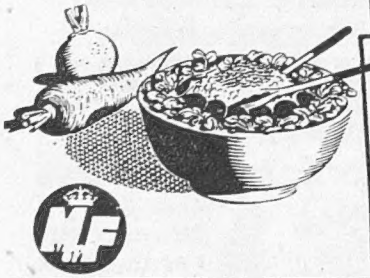
Line a salad bowl with lettuce leaves, and in it put the shredded cabbage or spinach. Arrange on this bed the beans and potatoes. Decorate with radishes and lettuce heart. Dress with mint sauce, or Victory mayonnaise. (See below.) *Serves 4.*

Salmon Salad.

Cut 3 cold cooked potatoes in cubes, dress with Victory mayonnaise (see below). Drain a ½-lb. tin of pink salmon, break in pieces, remove bones, mix with potatoes. Pile on a bed of lettuce or shredded cabbage. *Serves 3 to 4 people.*

Victory Mayonnaise.

4 level tablespoons dried milk, 1 level teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, 2-3 shakes pepper, 2 tablespoons malt vinegar, 1 tablespoon water. This needs no cooking. You simply mix all the dry ingredients together, then add the mixture of vinegar and water and beat till you have a dressing of a smooth cream consistency. Use at once.



ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (504)

PAROZONE YOUR LINENS & COTTONS

You'll be proud of their snow-white loveliness . . . happier, too, that you have not used fuel.

Fuel must still be saved by every possible means to meet the urgent demand of essential war work and to build up domestic supplies for the future. And that's where Parozone serves a double purpose to-day. Parozoned linens and cottons are a rhapsody in white, and as COLD water only is used with Parozone, you save vital fuel as well.

USE PAROZONE FOR INSIDE WORK TOO

Parozone brings new beauty to tiles and plain woodwork, new sparkle to crystal and glass. Drains and lavatories are rendered completely hygienic by its action. Where Parozone goes, health goes too . . . into every corner of the home.

FROM YOUR GROCER OR STORE

PAROZONE REGD.

PRE-WAR QUALITY AND PRE-WAR PRICE

PAROZONE for MUSTARD GAS

Parozone should be applied full strength to affected parts, left on for two minutes and then washed off. It must be applied immediately or within five minutes.

Parozone must not be applied near the eyes.

Head Office: Glasgow. Also at London and Nottingham

MOTHER, DO THIS *for* FRETFUL BABY

You have seen the difference between babies whose sleep is deep and unbroken and babies who are restless, cross, cry at night. In the former a steady, healthy growth: in the latter, weight at a standstill — perhaps even a few precious ounces lost.

Guard against this, Mother! At the first sign of fretfulness or broken sleep, you can suspect stomach upset. Food is soured. The small bowels are constipated. No wonder baby cannot sleep.

The very minute these signs appear, give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. Nothing else so gently and surely sweetens the little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, rids the small system of tormenting wind and soured matter. Then, when the digestion is regular and movements healthy, baby falls nightly into healthy, untroubled sleep. 'Milk of Magnesia' is recommended by Doctors and Nurses everywhere as the gentle and safe laxative antacid for babies.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

TRIUMPHANT MOTHERHOOD

The women of Britain have discovered a new strength. They are playing a vital part in the drive to Victory. And so when Baby comes it is essential that they should be relieved of all worry about the youngster's food.
When natural feeding fails, every mother can rely upon COW & GATE to make her child a fine citizen of the peaceful future—strong in body and brain and bone.

Please remember COW & GATE must only be used for young infants.

© 3201

COW & GATE MILK FOOD
"Babies love it."

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

Goodness!

McVitie & Price's
High Class
BISCUITS
on 'points'!

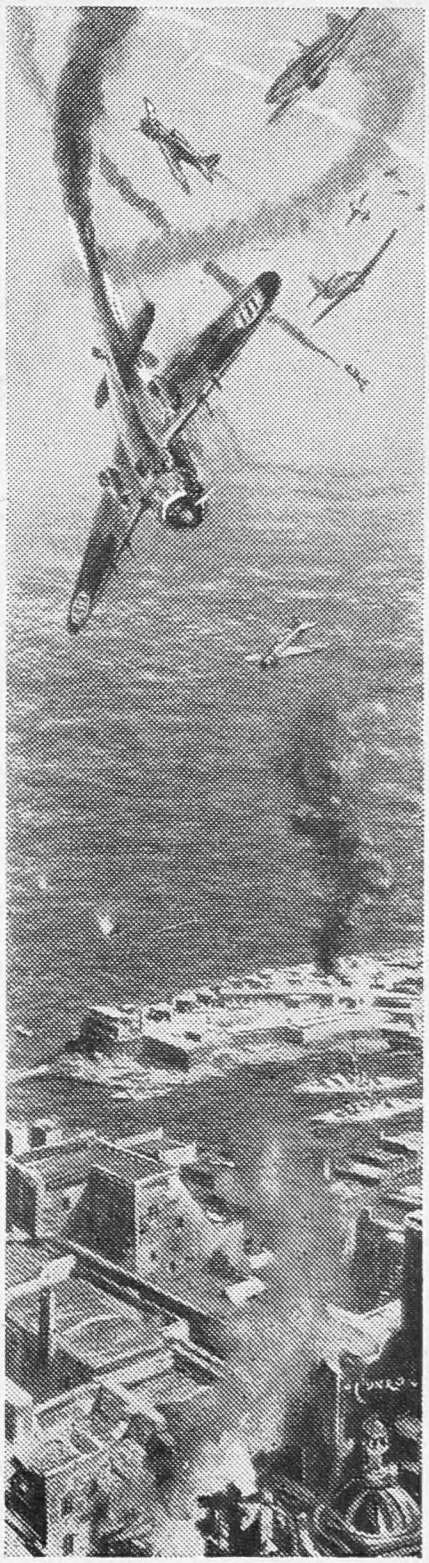
Now that Biscuits are on "Points," Quality and Food Value make it more important than ever to say: "McVitie & Price's, Please." Unfortunately, for the moment there are districts where no amount of asking will produce McVitie & Price's Biscuits, owing to the Government zoning scheme, but that after all is a temporary measure,

THANK GOODNESS.

Supplied only through Retail Shops and Stores

McVITIE & PRICE LTD., EDINBURGH, LONDON, MANCHESTER

The little things . . .



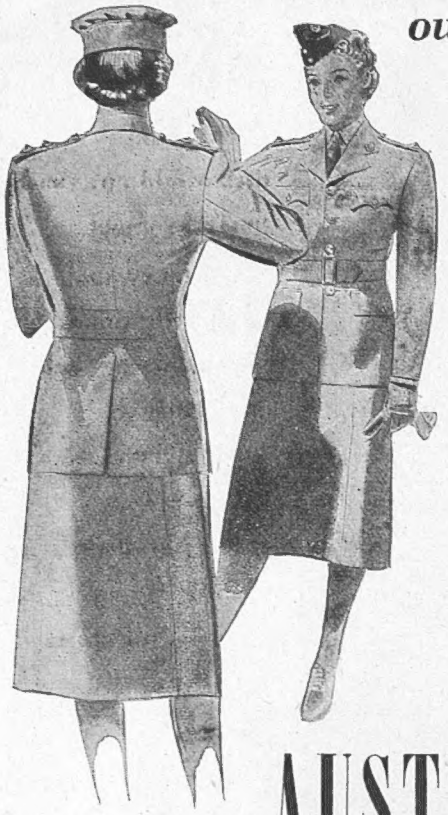
Malta,
Little Island
that would not yield
to savage might.
Immortal symbol
of all little things
which, having faith
and courage
and endurance,
shall prevail
against the dark
destroying powers.
Little squadrons—
how little
once—
that charged
into big formations
and scattered them.
Little ships
that fought through
tempest of flame
and sea
to bring supplies.
Little homes
shattered;
humble folk
carrying on
in Malta . . .
as in Britain . . .
Island to Island . . . .
calling . .
'Carry on.'

* * * *

This war is being fought for the rights of little things—the sacred right of little folk to live their lives unmolested by big gangsters. It is being won by millions of little sacrifices, little efforts—and millions doing their 'bit.' Our duty is to make our 'bit' bigger—which means, here and now, work harder and SAVE MORE.

Issued by the National Savings Committee.

I *walked out with the outfit complete*



A.T.S. Jacket and Skirt	£11 . 5 . 0
Greatcoat	£10 . 13 . 3
Shirt and 2 Collars	from 14 . 6
Cap and Badge	from £1 . 3 . 9
Stockings	from 3 . 10
Tie	3 . 6
Shoes	£2 . 1 . 0
Gloves	10 . 6
Sam Browne Belt	£1 . 8 . 6

AUSTIN REED

of Regent Street

Telephone: Regent 6789

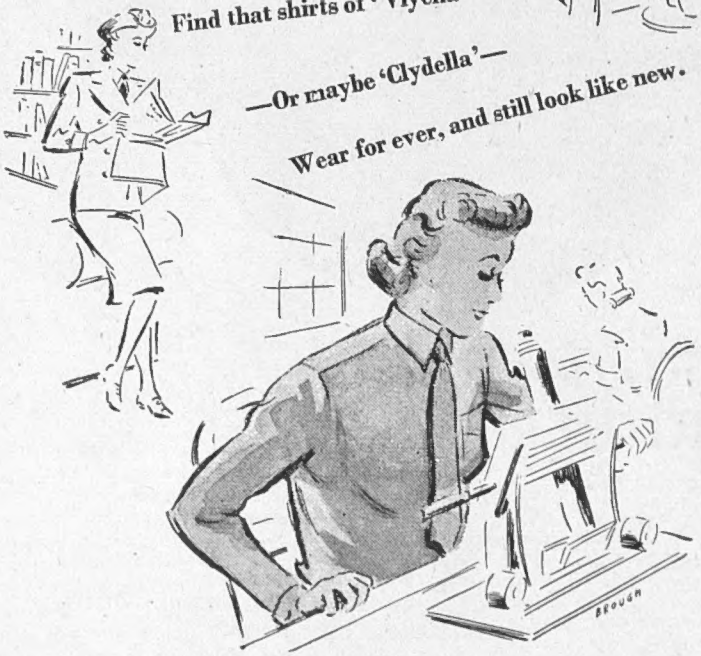
Young women in uniform who

While they look smart, must save money too,

Find that shirts of 'Viyella'

—Or maybe 'Clydella'—

Wear for ever, and still look like new.



'VIYELLA' & 'CLYDELLA' SERVICE SHIRTS

Regd. Regd.

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD. DAY & NIGHT WEAR VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM REGISTERED TRADE MARK

In 'Viyella'—from 20/-. In 'Clydella'—from 17/5. *Collars extra.*

These goods can only be supplied to members of H.M. Services.

W.3

Smokers' 'Fur'

How to detect it—
How to prevent it

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth—do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling? Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth.

***Protect Teeth with toothpaste containing* ★ 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'**

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and clean your teeth with it each night and morning. Then you'll feel the difference; you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking

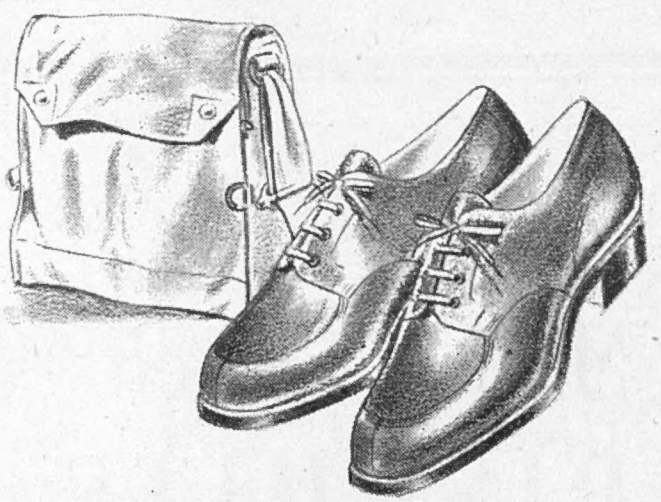
1/1d. and 1/10½d. *Sold everywhere.*

RETURN EMPTY TUBES TO THE CHEMIST.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

THE ANTACID TOOTHPASTE

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*



Service Shoes

The changeover from peace to war found 'SWAN' Shoes and 'HEALTH' Shoes adequately designed for either purpose, and although certain alterations to detail have been made to meet Service requirements, the shoes at heart remain the same. In other words the qualities which won your approval as a civilian, are still present in 'SWAN' and 'HEALTH' Service styles.

Men's and women's styles for all occasions.

Swan shoes **Health shoes**

CROCKETT & JONES Makers of Fine Shoes, NORTHAMPTON.

Sturdier!

...he's eating

MORE WEETABIX

—that's why!

Weetabix builds the basis of virile manhood and lovely womanhood. It is delicious with a little butter or margarine or with fresh or powdered milk—and in lots of other appetising ways. But Weetabix has recently been "zoned" which means that for the time being you may or may not be able to get it, depending on where you live. "Zoning" saves transport, petrol, rubber, man-power and thus helps to hasten victory and peace. Weetabix, like lots of other good things, will then abundantly and everywhere return!

Weetabix

MORE than a Breakfast Food

SMALL SIZE 2 POINTS 7½ LARGE SIZE 4 POINTS 1/4½

Weetabix, Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants.

ZW 29

Get a clear view!

Clear your windows quickly and easily of smears and marks and obstinate dirt left by fog, rain, and smoke. *No rubbing!* Sprinkle a few drops of SPOSS Window Sheen on a non-fluffy cloth. Apply gently. Wipe off immediately with a clean cloth. Equally quick and easy for glass shelves, mirrors, silverware and other metals. Away with hard work; get some SPOSS Window Sheen now.

Sold by leading stores, but if you have any difficulty, write to Dept. BE. 10, Simmonds Products Ltd, Great West Road, London.

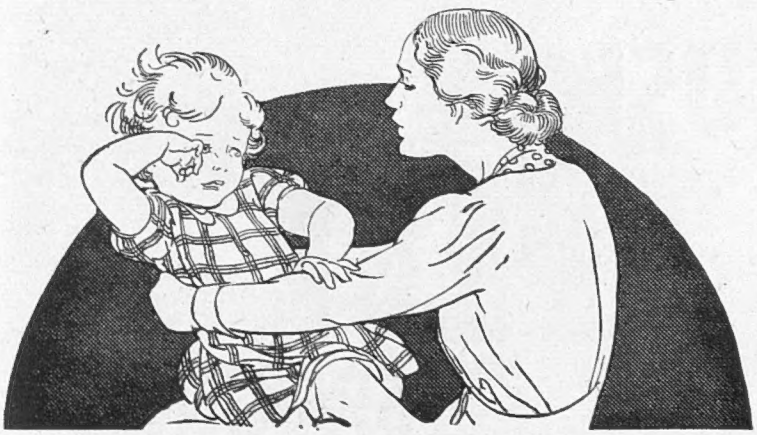
If you have any problems of household cleaning or polishing, write to Mrs. Mary Jordan at our address above.

SPOSS WINDOW SHEEN

1/- and 2/-

We regret that supplies of SPOSS Floor Dressing and SPOSS Cleaner are now very limited.

Simmonds Products Ltd, A Company of the Simmonds Group, Gt. West Rd, London



Mother!

Constipated Child needs

'California Syrup of Figs'

Hurry Mother! A teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative now will sweeten the stomach and thoroughly clean the little bowels and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the pleasant taste of this gentle, harmless laxative. It never gripes or overacts.

Ask your chemist for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages.

Prices 1/4 and 2/6.

Mother, be sure to ask for 'CALIFORNIA Syrup of Figs.'

"Tell me, doctor...

. . . will this cut leave a nasty scar on Janet's face?"

When germs invade a cut or wound, the body's natural defences, the white cells of the blood, advance to attack the invaders. Unless the enemy is *promptly* destroyed, the tissue round the wound may become permanently scarred. But when a cut or wound heals by first intention, that is to say quickly, cleanly, and without suppuration, then in normal cases the scar which remains is usually no more than a faint line, and as a rule barely visible.

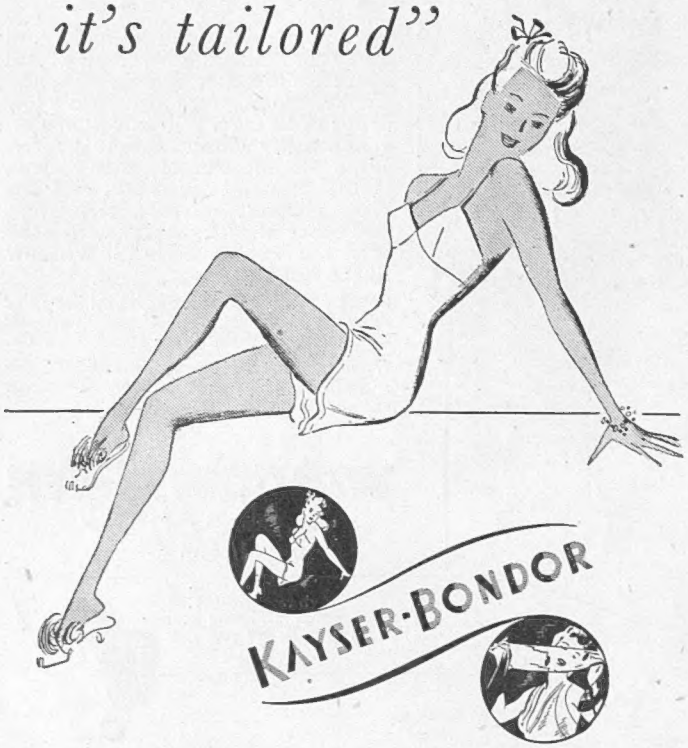
To keep wounds germ-free, and in a healthy state to permit clean and safe healing, doctors and surgeons use 'Dettol'. They use it because this modern antiseptic, though deadly to germs, is gentle and kind to tender human tissue. In your own home keep 'Dettol' always handy, and use it *promptly* on every cut or scratch, however small.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

DETTOL Trade Mark THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

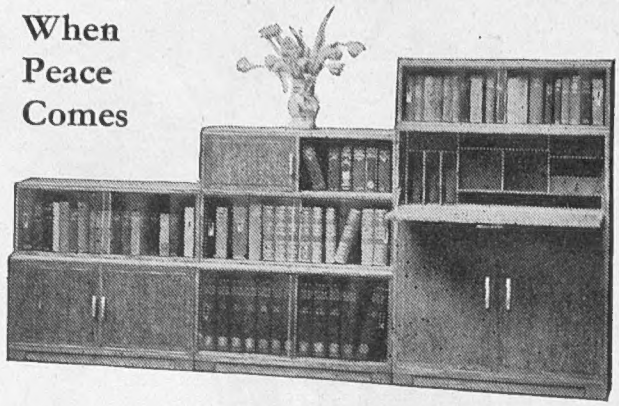
Conserve 'Dettol' for Medical and Surgical purposes. Do not use for sinks, drains, etc.

"Kayser Underwear fits because it's tailored"



KAYSER-BONDOR

When Peace Comes



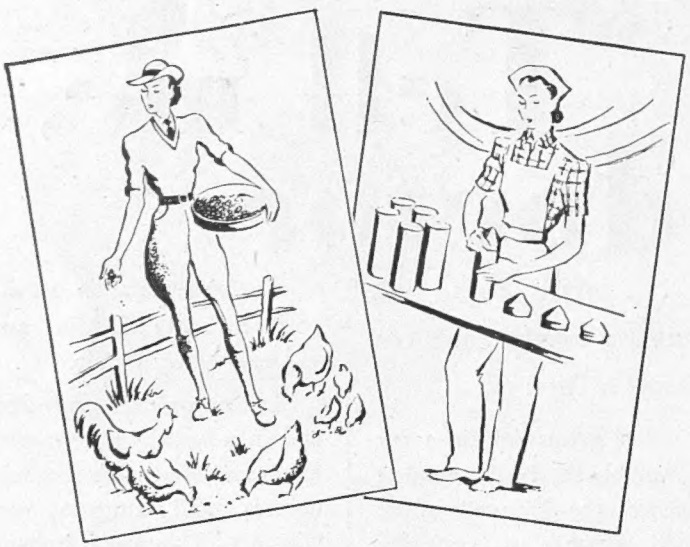
THE fine workmanship and materials of the requisite quality for making Minty Chairs and Sectional Bookcases are not available to-day. In any case, few of us have opportunity or leisure for their enjoyment, should we be so fortunate as already to possess them. Those peaceful hours of relaxation in the luxurious comfort of a Minty Chair; the thrill of housing a growing collection, section by section, in a handsome Minty Bookcase, are pleasures to look forward to. In the brighter future for which we strive, there will be material and time to spare for the making and enjoyment of Minty Furniture.

MINTY CRAFTSMANSHIP

SECTIONAL BOOKCASES, CHAIRS, ETC.

Minty will make more bookcases and chairs, etc., when they can be sure of obtaining materials of quality sufficient to maintain their traditional standard of excellence.

MINTY LTD., 44/45, HIGH STREET, OXFORD



FOR wartime work and wartime pleasure; for peacetime tasks and peacetime joys—Anne French Cleansing Milk answers your need. For looking your loveliest for his *leave; for looking your best at work and rest time, you need Anne French Cleansing Milk. It not only deep cleanses the pores, getting rid of blackheads and other skin blemishes; but it soothes and protects your skin as well. For now and after the War, Anne French Cleansing Milk is more than a toilet luxury; it is a daily necessity.*

CLEANSING MILK BY

Anne French

OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

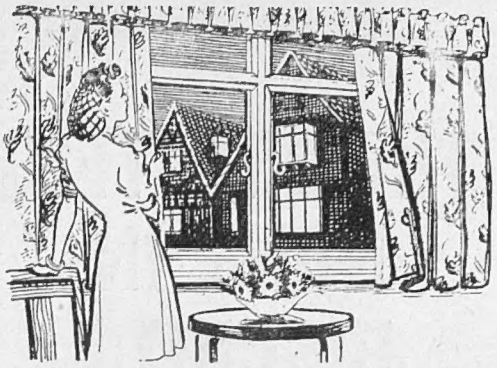
USE

FLIT

SPARINGLY

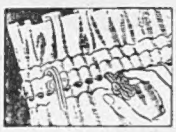
Our armies overseas need to be protected from flies and malaria-carrying mosquitoes. National food supplies have to be protected from contamination by insect pests. The raw materials for making Flit are required for these essential national needs.

IN THE NATIONAL INTEREST



When we banish blackout

There'll be ample supplies when it's goodbye to the blackout . . . . enough "Rufflette" curtain tape, hooks, and rings for every gaily curtained window. Meantime, although our stockists receive a fair share of the limited stocks available, you may be kept waiting. With the output of the factories rigidly controlled it is impossible to keep pace with the demand.



'Rufflette' BRAND

CURTAIN TAPE (with woven pockets)
also HOOKS, RINGS and RAILS

THOMAS FRENCH & SONS, LTD.

Factories: MANCHESTER AND WYTHENSHAWE : FALL RIVER, MASS., U.S.A.
London Office: 156, OXFORD ST., W.1. *Also* British Empire Bldgs., N.Y.C.

A French's product

OVER SEVEN YEARS OLD...

This Hillman Minx, still modern in appearance, is over seven years old.

It was the Rootes Group that gave you the Hillman Minx—and their products are always styled to endure

With Victory achieved, their principal objective will again be the creation of still finer Cars and Commercial Vehicles

ROOTES GROUP
ROOTES SECURITIES LTD

Says Bill, "This 'ere old tub 'as taken Risks galore to save your bacon"

He fairly takes the biscuit!

—and Weston MAKES *the biscuit*

There's no harder life than the Merchant Seaman's; luckily ship's biscuits aren't so hard as they were! Huge supplies of Weston Biscuits go aboard—and they are good biscuits.

All Weston Biscuits are good. The finest ingredients obtainable—the most modern methods of production—ensure it, always.

Weston Biscuits mean quality—and quality is to-day more than ever the best policy when you are buying food.

WESTON *Biscuits*

MADE BY THE LARGEST BISCUIT MAKERS IN THE EMPIRE

Save those coupons. You have bought Liberty, madam, so you need not spend any more coupons with me. Liberty Shoes last longer, there are none smarter. Good materials, perfect designing and making mean that Liberty Shoes keep their shape and looks long after other people have spent more coupons. Owing to the war, Liberty deliveries are delayed, but Liberty Shoes are worth waiting for. Liberty Utility Shoes represent a peak standard of Utility footwear manufacture.

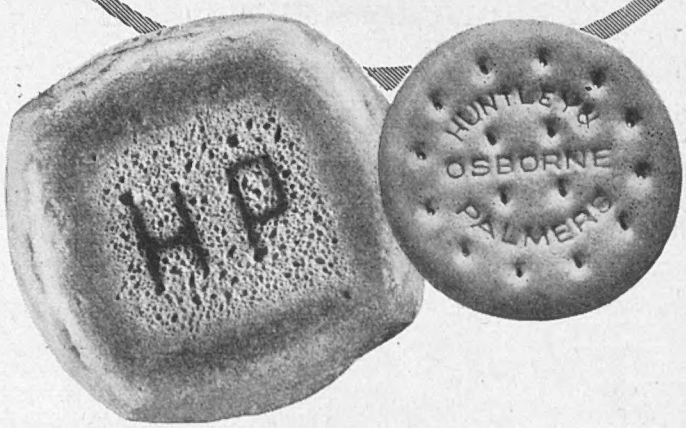
Send Card for Liberty Styles
Liberty SHOES LTD. LEICESTER

B.E.6

Famous for Fine Quality

LIMITED SUPPLIES
FROM
FAMILY GROCERS

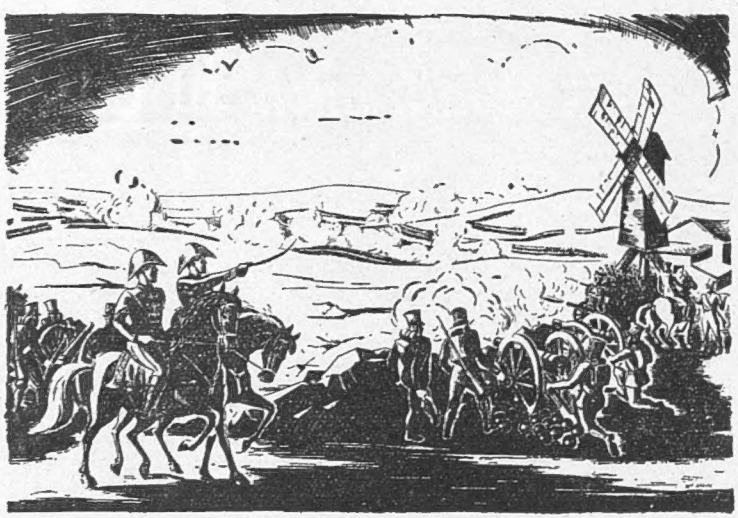
THE GREATEST NAME IN BISCUITS



HUNTLEY & PALMERS

SUPREME IN QUALITY FOR OVER A CENTURY

Owing to Government Restrictions supplies are limited and are now only available in certain areas. No Direct Sales



Since the Battle of Valmy

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. . . but the best British cooks say

ah! BISTO

I see that Eddie and Jack are ready, too. A little to my rear, and equispaced, their 'planes rush on, tails up, impatient to fly

FIGHTER INTERLUDE

The Hurricanes go into Battle

By F. V. G. Royce

THE scene is a Royal Air Force aerodrome, and at the remote end the windsock blows out straight towards me, vivid white in the rays of the hot sun. We taxi our Hurricane fighter aeroplanes to a suitable position for take-off. Far away behind, against the sharply-lit hangar buildings, Mac, my fitter, waves adieu. A good man, Mac, I like him. Right downwind of the 'drome we turn into wind, pause, and do the many things a pilot must before take-off.

Meanwhile, in front of me, the propeller blades follow each other lazily around, urged only by an idling motor. In the cockpit I smell the tang of the Hurricane interspersed with the fresh air and sunlight flowing in through the open hood. For a minute I sink into a reverie, waiting, until, flashing a glance of enquiry to my left and right rear, I get the "Thumbs Up" from my comrades. Giving the take-off signal, I gently open the throttle with my left hand and the aeroplane jogs into motion, rumbling with its frame to add to the crescendo of noise belched out by the engine.

The propeller is no longer lazy; now it moves so fast that I cannot see it: outside the blast of the slipstream hurtles solidly past, flinging a few urgent eddies into the cockpit to tickle my cheek and play with the oxygen mask hanging loosely under my chin. As the control quickens in my right hand and the "feel" of it hardens, I note that my Flight are in station and ease the tail up.

There, it comes—I know it through my skin, and I see it through my eyes as the nose, chucked about by every little bump in the turf, falls away to a new position with the aerodrome boundary steady, just above it. Two metal blisters fascinate me as always. They lie on the engine cowling like frog's eyes. Curious, that point, but I never forget to fly. It's ready now, this aeroplane, for the jogging of the wheels is softening. Good! For the fence rushes on apace.

A quick glance and I see that Eddie and Jack are ready, too. A little to my rear, and equispaced, their 'planes rush on, tails up, impatient to fly. I know that they are vibrating with the live air just as is mine. Right, any moment now, and there she goes!

A beautiful unstick with the three of us practically together.

With a little pressure on the control column, I set the aircraft to climb and look back at my friends. At 500 ft. the early mad rush of the ground below has eased to a trickle past the wing-tips, and with wheels up I relax for a moment.

WE climb on course, my friends and I, out into the azure blue of the sky, flicking past an occasional lump of snowy cloud; by my quarters, Eddie, to port, flies steady, whilst Jack, some distance behind to starboard, weaves a little, to watch our rear the better and prevent a surprise attack from our most vulnerable stern.

Below, the earth and sea are both in sight, faint in the heat haze, but here at 6000 ft. an intense cold is beginning to make itself felt. When we reach an altitude of two miles the sun shines brilliantly, only to deceive, for, it seems, the nearer you get, the colder it becomes. I think wistfully on the warm Sussex Downs beneath, over which the shadow of my aeroplane must surely be chasing.

But all this cold is merely a prelude to the heat of battle—at some time and somewhere, though that seems all wrong, as, acting on the first principle of self-preservation—"Spot Your Enemy First"—I keep a keen watch in all directions about my 'plane as far as possible, for the universe seems so beautifully serene: I note that this is another case of deception, however, because, between the Hun and the weather, Truth would be outraged by such a suggestion.

In the cockpit I am virtually an insulated unit (flying, above all things, sequesters one's spirit from the material world), and alone with my thoughts I remember the lines:—

"They have no fears like Icarus,
No waxen wings have They. . . ."

Radio communication is for the time being forbidden, lest the ubiquitous ether waves should be the means of disclosing our position and intentions to the enemy. The contact between me and my Flight is for the present limited to mute hand signs. Can it be that this muteness and these signs are anything other than the expression of a certain will—the will to war? Yes, I am alone; I do not notice the roar of the motor—indeed, it would be noisy without it. I am at peace . . . but I fly out to do battle. This sunny afternoon my friends and I will kill, if we can.

I regard my aeroplane as a gun-platform fitted with wings. If I can I shall point this gun-platform at some unknown body

and press the firing button. Then the excruciating blast of eight machine-guns will sing harmony to Death, with the summer sun as audience. Lights will go out thus within the hour, but who cares! I don't, for air fighting is easy meat, morally.

I am not a brave man, but I fight in the air quite well. The very thought of hand-to-hand combat, with a man rushing at me to gouge my guts out with a bayonet, leaves me aghast, but in an aeroplane, with its psychological protection, and the roar of the engine to isolate you, and the deliberate planning, it's easy. Sometimes I feel shaky on the ground, but never in the air.

To such reflections as these I lead my Flight, climbing, climbing, climbing, all the time. Sussex gives way to the Channel. Selsey falls away to the right, and for countless miles on either side Old England's shore stretches out panoramically. Now we are at operational height. Any moment now I expect to hear the controller to break in on my privacy through the earphones in my flying helmet and announce the approach of hostile aircraft.

In these days of applied science it causes me no wonderment that a man far away from the scene of battle should be able, more often than not, to predict the location of the enemy long before I am aware of his presence in the near sky.

Then it comes. I thought so. Jester, the base, is calling its ranging Flight.

We are the Red section, and I, its leader, am being called. The voice of the controller, metallised by the telephone, says urgently: "Hullo Joker Red, hullo Joker Red, this is Jester calling, Jester calling. Are you receiving me? Listening out." I reply shortly: "Red Leader answering, Red Leader answering. Over." Back comes the controller: "Hullo Joker Red, hullo Joker Red. Bandits 13,000. Bandits 13,000. Steer 230, steer 230. Listening out." I acknowledged.

Back comes the Controller: "Bandits 13,000. Bandits 13,000. Steer 230"

That meant that the enemy were 2000 ft. below, and that I should expect to find them on the predicted course. Accordingly, I give the signal and set the new course. The vigil is renewed. I fly on, watching all the time.

The sky, so far, seems clear. There is no longer any use in maintaining radio silence, so I open communication between the Flight, calling Eddie and Jack by turn. Eddie says "OK, sir, over." I see Jack's hand go to his microphone to switch it on, so I know he's hearing me. In a moment he says "OK, chief, loud and clear. Let's get at 'em! Over." It's good to hear their voices. I am no longer a unit. Now the Flight's a fighting team. The sound of Eddie's pipe and Jack's husky mouthing of confidence, metallised by the radio, sends a thrill up and down my vertebræ, and it is with elation that I call them back and tell them to prepare for action.

For my part I set the gun-firing button to "Fire," pull a little knob on the instrument board, which, though so tiny, makes a hundred-or-so extra horse-power available to me from the engine, check instruments and tighten the harness which secures me to the aeroplane.

When I switch on the reflector sight a circle and some lines appear on the glass in front of me and glow dull red, transparently. Meanwhile, the same procedure is carried out in the two aeroplanes at either side.

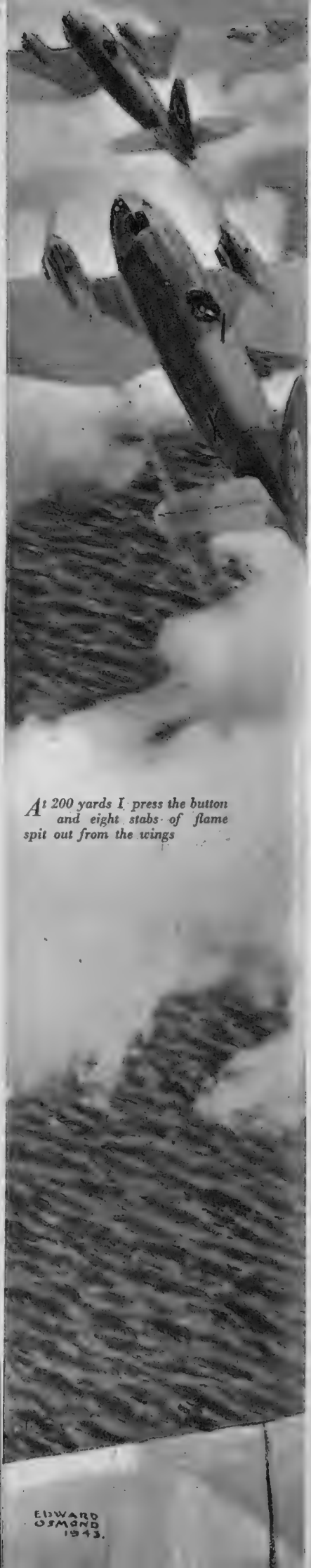
An odd habit of Jack's is to leave the wireless on "Transmit," so that often he is to be heard humming a tune to himself as he flies along. He does so now. He goes, "Da di da di de, dada-dada. . . !" Looking out, I can see through to infinity above, and through 15,000 ft. to the earth beneath. It seems that I'm suspended between the planets.

Not far away on my right, the vestige of a moon hangs pale in the sky. But it is in the layer of air immediately below that I am most interested, for in it should lie the foe.

Heading towards me they come, as yet invisible. Or are they? What's that over there to port? Yes, there they are. "Tally ho! Nine of them, tightly packed. Heinkel 111.s." In my excitement I report to base quite unconsciously. On, on, on, they come to a point underneath us somewhere, so slowly, it seems, reticent against the sea below on account of their camouflage. For the first time I feel my height, because the presence of a reference in the vault below gives life to the third dimension.

But it is time for action, not philosophy, so my next action is to order the Flight into line-astern formation for the attack. I give: "Flight, line astern; Flight, line astern, GO!" and I see them slip away to behind. Next I inform the controller that I'm about to engage.

The while, my aeroplane flies me on. Do I feel it surge and tremble at the prospect of battle? The last thing to do is to detail the Flight their particular aircraft.



At 200 yards I press the button and eight stabs of flame spit out from the wings

The voice of the controller, metallised by the telephone, says, urgently: "Hullo, Joker Red, Hullo, Joker Red, this is Jester calling, are you receiving me?"

"Calling Eddie."
"Yes, sir?"
"You take Yellow three!"
"Calling Jacko."
"Yaas, boss?"
"You take Blue three!" Pause. "Understood?" Pause. "I'm taking Red two!" Pause. "Right, then, in we go!"

THE enemy formation has passed underneath to our rear, steady as a rock. No panic there, even if they've spotted us, as they undoubtedly have. Now I must calculate my time: I must turn in my tracks to dive so as to engage at just the right speed—not too fast, not too slow. Here it is, just about right. GO! and I pull round in a medium turn to port at speed about 270 miles an hour, depressing the nose in the process. As I turn I glimpse Jack at the end of the train momentarily. He waves. Never too engrossed for a joke, that man! Then, holding the speed steadily increasing, and with thumb caressing the fire-control button, the formation of He.s, now in view again, begins to increase in size. I concentrate hard. Nothing else matters. Down, down, down, we go, relentlessly, and they grow from the specks into which they have passed into real aeroplanes. They seem so far away, but not as far as the earth—that's a million miles away at the back of beyond.

Think. Think. Think. Steady. Steady. Steady. Tight lips, scream of engine, roar of air. Fleeting thoughts of Polly, Toby, beer. No, Concentrate. Are they getting bigger or smaller? Hell! Is my judgment failing? Shall I shoot now, or when? Blue air, streak of cloud, blue air. Are they OK behind? Airspeed . . . 300 . . . 310 . . . 320 . . . 340 . . . 360 (years ago?) 380. . . . Hold it! You'll overshoot, you idiot! Small 'planes, bigger 'planes, large 'planes. Now it is possible to see detail—the swastikas on the wings are apparent. No mistake here. Blue air, hard air, hard blue air. Aircraft vibrant, sensing; reckless, eager. Controls stiff, stiffer, hard.

Now the speed of closing is well and truly apparent; we rocket towards them. My thumb trembles on the firing button. Amid the frightful din Jack hums "Da di de da, dadadada," close to my ear. Mad! Shut up! Concentrate. Now we are coming into range. Better jink a little. It's hard work, but I swing her, left, right, left . . . right . . . flatly. . . . Then bullets come up, far too early for accuracy. They open fire. They want to trade lead. The little spurts of flame die away. They hold it.

An eternity passes. Ages, ages, ages. Nearer, nearer, nearer. My He. comes into the glow of my reflector sight, wavering slightly between the dull red sighting grids. Then it steadies. Then they start again and something stars my windscreen.

From underneath something kicks the fuselage dully, but I pay no heed. I hold the dive. Four-hundred yards, 350, 320, 300, if my estimate is right.

Now their fire breaks out again, seriously. It is concentrated, defiant and deadly. Spurts of flame spring from the turrets of the Heinkels; licks of tracer and incendiary fire reach up to me. They're so near now, only a house-depth below and not so very far ahead. At 200 yards I press the button and eight stabs of flame spit out from the wings while the Hurricane staggers in the effort of ejecting the terrific weight of lead, steel and phosphorus from the gun-barrels. Through the framework it is possible to hear the staccato medley of blows of the

individual explosions, which force the projectiles out. Vibrations of venom! Deadly, hurtling metal. Joy of joys supreme! I watch the tracers spark slightly as they enter the fuselage of my selected foe. As I pass underneath, I know my aim was good. I also carry with me in my mind a camera flash of a gunner's face. He was dead, killed by my fire as I raked the machine.

I cease fire and break away by depressing the nose—a sickening evolution at this speed, but it passes.

As I clear my He., I see little wind-sucked flames breaking from it. I pass into its shadow, and, looking upwards, I see the bomb-doors open and the bombs fall away.

Now I get another thought, and, following it, I pull back with all my strength on the control column to zoom up into the interval between the second and first machines. As I pass the tail of the leader, I fire again, quick as a thought, and for the second time those stabs of flame and the spark of the bullets in the fuselage. A moment later and it is over for the time as my full-power climb hauls me clear. Under my tail the second machine of my attack staggers.

Two thousand feet above I ease out of the climb and do a fast turn to await the result of Eddie's and Jack's attack. Below there is a welter of aircraft, Heinkels and Hurricanes. Four He.s are pouring smoke and flame, and, as I watch, from two of the crippled machines men hurl themselves clear, and presently I see the bursting of their parachutes. The other two are diving, one spinning as it goes, pell-mell for the sea. The remainder have jettisoned their loads and are turning to beat it back to the comparative safety of France, flying in a long, shallow dive for the surface of the water for some sort of protection. Hours after, it seems, the first of the stricken aircraft strikes the sea below, throwing up a tiny little dot of foam to me, 10,000 ft. above. I calculate the chances of going after them. There are several points to be considered—the Flight has been airborne for an hour, and fuel and ammunition are low. I reckon I 've used at least six or seven precious seconds of available fire power.

The next moment, however, the problem is solved, for, as Eddie draws alongside, his aeroplane staggers and loses speed. I see that his motor is out of action. He puts the nose down, enters a fast glide and calls me on the radio. His voice, trembling with excitement, tells me what I know about the engine, but, more important, that he 's unhurt. I must take him back. I tell Jack to climb a bit and keep watch from overhead.

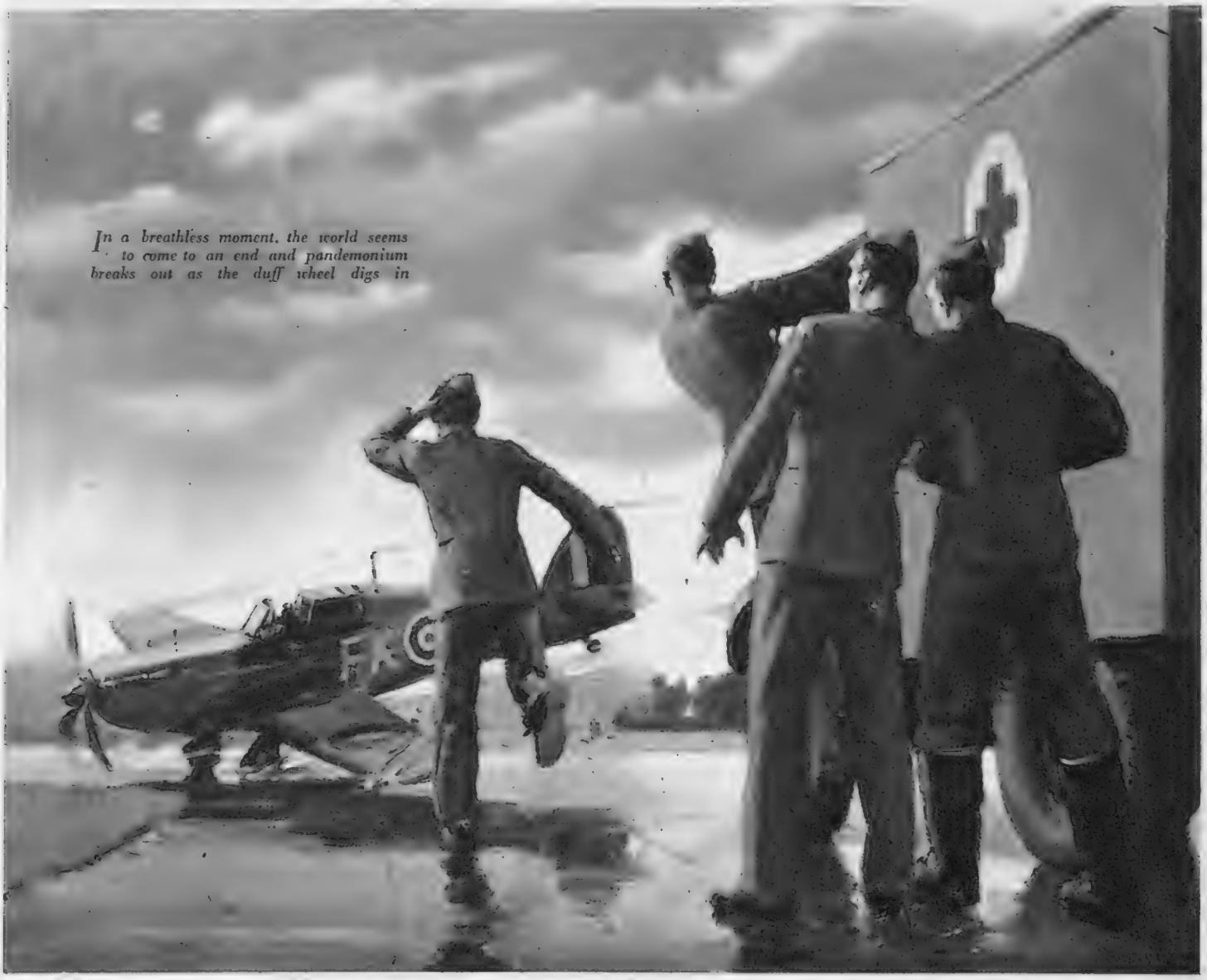
The flight back to base is an easy one: we 've plenty of height and only about ten miles to go. Five minutes should be sufficient. So I call control and report the situation. Good old Sussex soon comes into view, and after, our aerodrome.

Still having lots of height to lose, we glide in wide spirals to about 2000 ft., where Jack and I open up and fly around, while Eddie goes into land. His undercarriage is down all right, and if he doesn't stooge the landing, he's made. I see the fire-engine and ambulance waiting down there, and lots of anxious people gathered on the tarmac. The sun still shines brightly, but the shadows have moved a little since we took off.

Down goes Eddie, farther and farther from me, and nearer and nearer to his moment of trial—that of landing without an engine. A simple enough job at a training school, but one to test a man when he is still probably a little tense after having been in action. He 's going to make it, that boy, however, for he is a good lad. Yes, there he goes, over the boundary, and in to a beautiful touch-down. I watch him settle the tail and roll to rest. Good show!

On my next circuit of the aerodrome I carry out my landing drill and tell Jack to go in to land. As my wheels come down, however, the radio crackles and Jack's voice breaks in on my ears. He informs me that my port tyre is burst—an encouraging message. Now I recall the kick under the belly as I led the Flight down—that would be the tyre bursting. Well, there 's nothing to be done about it, though I can't say that I feel very comfortable.

Of the choice of a wheel landing or a belly-flop I choose (*Contd. on page 62*)



In a breathless moment, the world seems to come to an end and pandemonium breaks out as the duff wheel digs in

Foreign Correspondent *versus* Diplomat

By Ferdinand Tuohy

THERE has been a film vogue to glamourise the foreign correspondent (usually co-operating with beautiful lady; I only wish it had been so). This romanticising is due in part to the presence of former newspapermen at Hollywood, who know the ropes. Foreign correspondents are also magnified as radio commentators on shattering events and held up as the begetters of books of model insight and authority.

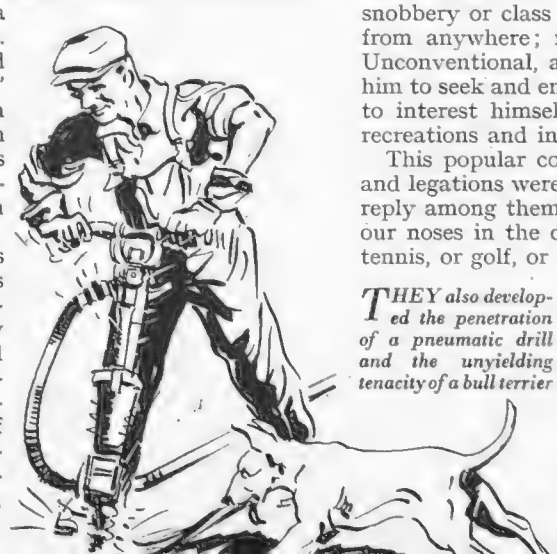
This public sculpturing of my tribe is most heartening, I'm sure; especially to one who remembers such complimentary occasions as being kept with colleagues for hours in the snow, waiting on a dud commander-in-chief who eventually announced apropos of nothing: "Gentlemen, if you lie, I arrest—good day." But there is danger of the praise being too loosely applied in the way of the current world which hops with nervous acceleration from disesteem to admiration and vice versa.

THEY would probably get themselves accepted by drinking with the working man

Take the tribute paid by Mr. Ivor Thomas, M.P., in one of a widely circulating series. "The overseas correspondents," he writes, "come out of the stern test of the past twenty years much better than the diplomatists . . . they were prompt to realise the unappeasable nature of Hitlerism; and there is now no harm in revealing that Mr. Churchill's denunciation of appeasement was in great part based on the private warnings of newspapermen." Well, that calls for some slight balancing of the case. It could be argued that the record may not be so one-sided as it looks for the simple reason that we don't know how much was correctly reported by the diplomatists and how far the obtuseness or something else lay with their governments.

OR I could recount case after case when the foreign correspondent did injury to his fellows by dispensing with conscience and pursuing private interest. Vanity, too, propelled him. His preoccupation was to hit the front page, at times to advance obscure interests; anyway, to feather his own nest and the heck with facts or truth or objectivity. The damage done in this way between the wars is known intimately to those who participated in the day-to-day presentation of events. Some of the most sensible plans for recovery and a restart were eaten into in advance. The sensational distortion also had the effect of producing "call-downs" on men of more integrity and worth who failed to hit the front page often enough simply because the facts didn't justify "writing big" or because they refrained in the common good.

So that when we hear of Mr. Eden's recasting of the Foreign Service, its mental equipment and personal approach to men and affairs, and of how the type, outlook, ambience and equipment of the foreign correspondent is not being ignored, the recognition is essentially of a selection of pre-war British and American correspondents, fixed or roving, who reported from Berlin, Paris, Moscow, Vienna, Rome and Geneva. One could mention names, friends of mine, most of them, but as I intend being a little personal, they mightn't like it. A composite type is better—and safer.

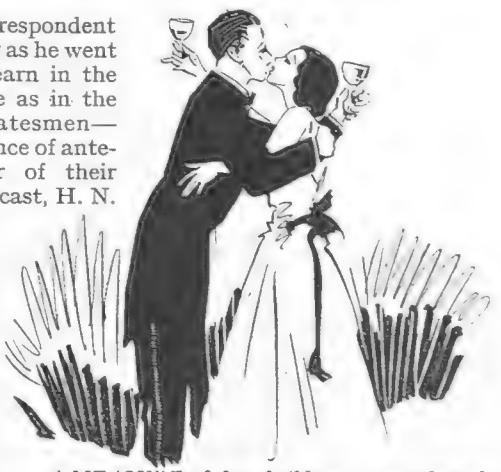


THEY also developed the penetration of a pneumatic drill and the unyielding tenacity of a bull terrier

I should say our prizewinner's age was on an average between thirty-five and forty-five. This meant that he had had the luck to collect a special portion of that, nowadays, apparently so desirable commodity, "background." Born in the 'nineties, he profited by the steadier education of pre-calamity times. In observant adolescence he absorbed the world before the last war and somewhere in the back of his mind it never left him. He then participated in some form in the war of 1914-1918 and came out of it grown beyond his years, a mixer with men and with women, confident, ready to get going without further preliminaries. A world was to be reshaped. His curiosity was fired. Plunge!

Here our subject had the advantage of other professional aspirants, not least of the budding young diplomat who had to spend crucial years preparing to face competitive examinations. Foreign correspondents who made good as likely as not began unconsciously preparing themselves for their jobs when they were mere boys, and as youths were already learning languages and paying attention to such things as history and English composition, and to the world about them as portrayed in the Press, the theatre, and in topical books. I know of only one of the top-liners who learnt journalism at a university. As a rule, the vamped-up one never rose to the first-rate. Courses and cramming might enable him to cleave more quickly to the routine business of the job. But the overwhelming rule was: You either had got it or you had not.

THE born correspondent did his studying as he went along and could learn in the cafés of the people as in the ante-rooms of statesmen—though my experience of ante-rooms was rather of their silence. In a broadcast, H. N. Brailsford suggested that intending diplomatists would benefit by six months in a factory or a mine. They would probably benefit more by getting themselves accepted *sur le zinc*, which is French for drinking with the working man, not in order to spy on him, but because you like doing so. A great asset of the No. 1 foreign correspondent lay in his being without snobbery or class consciousness. Himself, he might have come from anywhere; no bunkers of birth in his line of business. Unconventional, at times a trifle *déclassé*, it came naturally to him to seek and enjoy the company of the people of the country, to interest himself in their culture and movements, thought, recreations and interests and way of life.



A MEASURE of their build-up as men derived from so-called erratic private lives in which the ladies of the country provided a valuable education

This popular contact was just where the staffs of embassies and legations were most lacking and remiss. It used to be a set reply among them that it was "not our job, not done, to stick our noses in the domestic affairs of other people." And so to tennis, or golf, or poodle-faking. There was a reduced curiosity about the workings of the foreign mind save when this manifested itself in the surroundings of the *salon*. Lord Onslow sees a cure if the budding diplomat becomes thoroughly acquainted with three languages and he cites Russian, Spanish and French as liable to be most useful. "Otherwise he will find it difficult to gain knowledge of the people of the country. . . . He will not mix with them if he does not speak (*Continued on page* 68)

Nature's Airmen

Many Interesting Parallels to the Modern Aeroplane are Provided by the Bird World

By Frank W. Lane

Courtesy of the Royal Aero Society

DIVE bombing. A Gannet takes off from the top of the cliffs for a dive into the sea for fish

AN interesting bit of technical information has been received from Germany—some research workers have been studying insects to learn how to win the war!

And that is not so fantastic as it sounds. As the finest aeroplane ever built is but a clumsy contrivance of wood and metal compared to the supreme air mastery of Nature's best models, it has evidently occurred to Messrs. Schmidt and Fritz that by studying how a fly flies they might learn how to fly an aeroplane better.

This study of natural flying machines began when man first thought of taking the air himself and it has gone on ever since. It is said that those great pioneers of the modern aeroplane, the Wright brothers, used to lie upon the sands of the North Carolina coast and gaze for hours at the flight of the turkey vultures. It was probably a result of what he learned then which caused Wilbur to say in a lecture: "The bird has learned the art of equilibrium, and learned it so thoroughly that its skill is not apparent to our sight. We learn to appreciate it only when we can imitate it."

It is when we study the performances of which birds and insects are capable that we realise just how far we lag behind these real masters of flight. We hear enough about what the latest aircraft types are able to do—look for a moment at some of the feats which Nature's aviators accomplish in more or less routine flying.

Some birds can lift and carry for short distances weights equal to or even in excess of their own body-weight. It has been estimated that during its migration flight a golden plover can fly 2,400 miles in forty-eight hours on a fuel consumption of less than two ounces of body fat. If aeroplanes could attain a like economy of fuel they could cut their petrol consumption to one-eighth of that used at present. Professor Melvill Jones, in fact, has calculated that if the flying efficiency of the modern aeroplane was as great as that of the albatross only one-third of the present horse-power would be needed to drive it.

Birds can land almost vertically and require no preliminary run. Similarly, in taking off they can dispense entirely with the immense runways required by modern planes and be ready to fly immediately they have sprung into the air. Some birds have mastered the art of flying backwards and at least one bird, the humming-bird, can perform the aerodynamical miracle of sideways flight.

The chief designer of one of our famous aircraft manufacturing companies once spoke to me enviously of the wonderful structure of a bird's wing when compared with the comparatively clumsy

A PERFECT flyer. Swallow in flight. The author considers this picture the finest ever taken of a Swallow on the wing

Jos. A. Speed

ALL undercarriages down. Silver Gulls alighting on their rookeries at Lake Koorangamike, Victoria. Note how they are coming down in parachute fashion

E. F. Pollock

THE long distance flyer. An Albatross on the wing. It has been calculated that if the flying efficiency of the modern aeroplane was as great as that of the Albatross, only one-third of the present horse-power would be needed to drive it

wing of an aeroplane. You see, when once the wing of an aeroplane is made, its shape is fixed and apart from a few mechanical contrivances the pilot cannot alter that shape materially. But a bird can alter the shape of its wings from moment to moment as it flies to make the utmost use of the air currents through which it is flying.

The swiftest flying birds have wings which are beautifully adapted for mastery of the air. Streamlined, with a high aspect ratio or proportion of length to breadth, and with little camber, they are the ideal instruments for swift movement through air.

The strong bony keel near the front margin of the wing causes it, during the downward stroke, to "feather" itself and cut the air edge on. The air is thus glanced in the required direction. The tail, too, plays its part in aerial manœuvres. Perfect muscular control (it has been estimated that a goose has 12,000 muscles to control the action of its feathers alone) enables a bird to raise, lower, spread or alter the shape of its tail. It is used both as a balancer and rudder, aids in the difficult process of hovering, and helps to tail off the air-stream.

Some birds, with long, deeply forked tails, divided in two at the trailing edge, appear to use them at times much in the same way as a plane uses a Fowler flap, that is, to give a larger surface, increase in camber and slot effect causing higher lift, to the wing. The frigate-bird, which has an extremely long, forked tail, is reported to have been seen to rise suddenly without any perceptible motion of its wings but with its tail spread wide out.

An interesting feature about the wing of a bird is the safety devices which are built into it. If a bird's wing is examined closely it will be seen that there is a little group of feathers, called the "alula," which is distinct from the main portion of the wing. This alula is supplied with muscles which can cause it to spread when the wing is extended.

The effect of the alula when in operation is to smooth out the airflow over the bird's wing. It is, in effect, an almost exact parallel to the Handley-Page slotted wing which has done so much to make flying safer. If only the early pioneers of flying had studied the wings of birds more closely this safety device would probably have been discovered and many valuable lives would have been saved thereby.

It is interesting to observe how many parallels to the modern aeroplane are provided by the avian world. Looping-the-loop is supposed to have been first suggested to some pilots who watched the antics of tumbler pigeons who, it will be remembered, do (*Continued on page* 58)

SAFETY first. A Stork about to alight on its nest. Note its Handley-Page slotted wing safety device in operation at the bend of each wing

AMPHIBIAN. A Great White Heron taking off from a lake at the National Wild Life Refuge, Key West, Florida

Babes For Britain?

The Birth-rate Phenomena of the White Race

By C. Patrick Thompson

THE door of the Cabinet Room opened and the President came in with a quick step. "Good morning, gentlemen." He sat down at the head of the long table. "Now, Bill, let's hear the worst."

The Foreign Secretary shook his head. "I can put it in a sentence. The British Isles are an old people's home. There are not enough young men and women to run a war industry, and defend the country, let alone the empire."

"Allow me to add," interposed the Secretary of the Treasury, "that if any one here thinks of selling or hiring 'em anything, he can forget it. The British have been insolvent for years for want of taxpayers."

"At the time of the Global War," remarked the Secretary for Agriculture, "France had the greatest proportion of old men of any nation. It was 14 per cent, against 9 per cent for Germany, and 7 per cent for Russia. For a long time now Britain has topped the list. When I was last over there I saw once prosperous farmhouses in ruins, and villages looking like a mining camp when the vein runs out."

"It was in the fifties," said the Secretary for Commerce, looking up from a slip of paper, "that their agriculture, commerce and industry began to show a marked decline for want of consumers. The slide was rapid after that. Their Beveridge Plan collapsed for that reason in '67."

"Beveridge deliberately did not take his Plan beyond 1970," interjected the Secretary for Labour. "A wise guy. He wasn't sticking his neck out for history to take a chop at."

"It comes to this," said the Secretary for War sharply. "The British are again threatened. They are incapable of defending themselves. Unless we take them over, Britain will fall, and her empire will disintegrate. The British Government suggests that if we provide aid, they can carry on. I disagree. They did it in Wilson's time, and Roosevelt's time. But they had the men then, young, lusty, fighting. My God, what men! Now, they've got no men, except the oldsters."

THE President sighed. He came of British stock on his mother's side. "History repeats itself. I was reading Polybius this morning. The same story. Sterile Greek cities, open to the virile Roman warriors. Then the Romans went the same way. Three centuries it took them to collapse, from the time their government became alarmed about the birth-rate decline, and tried to do something about it. One had hoped that the British——"

He tailed off, and the Secretary for Navy remarked: "It's not as though they weren't warned. My research staff dug out a speech made by Winston Churchill on the night of April 21, 1943. Right there, in the middle of the Global War, Churchill promised vigorous government planning to avert this doom."

"Bah!" said the Foreign Secretary loudly. "Churchill said nothing new. They'd been warned by people with better authority to speak, but commanding smaller audiences. I've had my research men digging back, too. Years before the Global War, Beveridge—the same fellow who fathered their social security plan—told a Geographical Conference that the British would be in a panic about their population in a quarter century. He forecast a drop from forty-five to twenty millions in a century, and five millions a century later. A leading scientist named Leonard Hill disagreed. He reckoned the British would be down to five millions in one century, not two."

"What happened?" asked the Secretary of the Interior.

"Just a silly-season debate in their Parliament. Only forty members bothered to listen. Incidentally, at the time of that debate, around 200 of the 615 members of that assembly were bachelors! The Government treated the matter lightly. It left its talking to a junior minister. His name was Hudson. He was forty, married, and Parliamentary Secretary to the Health Ministry—later he became Minister for Agriculture. Hudson shrugged it off. He refused to look more than twenty years ahead. Suppose the population prophets were wrong? How foolish they'd feel! The birth rate continued to fall. It had been falling steadily since 1870."

"Well," said the President, "our course seems clear. My only doubt is this: We, gentlemen, are in the same boat as the British. We reached our peak population later, but we had the same symptoms and the same warnings at the same time, and we likewise failed to do anything effective about this business. I ask myself if it is worth while prolonging the death agony of the white man, since it seems that by 2243 or 2343 we shall be as low as the British are now, in 2043. Hadn't we better leave the planet to the fertile races? Currently, of course, that means the yellow race."

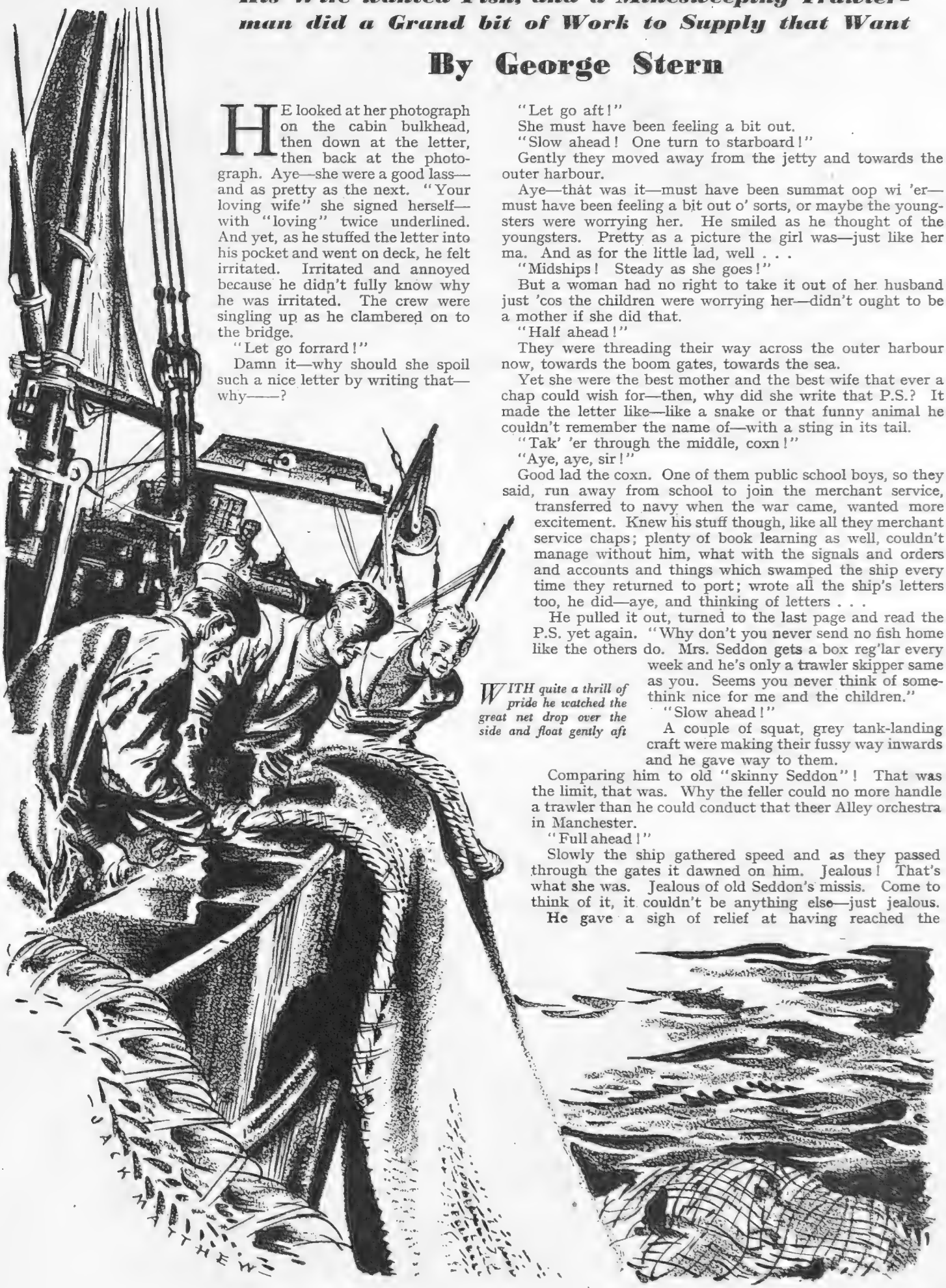
THERE was a brief silence, followed by a sharp explosion. Secretary for War pocketed his gun. "I'm sorry I had to do it, gentlemen; but he was a defeatist."

That's as good a lead-in as any to this subject. A touch of fantasy is not out of place when you (*Continued on page* 64)

Petticoat Influence

His Wife wanted Fish, and a Minesweeping Trawlerman did a Grand bit of Work to Supply that Want

By George Stern



HE looked at her photograph on the cabin bulkhead, then down at the letter, then back at the photograph. Aye—she were a good lass—and as pretty as the next. "Your loving wife" she signed herself—with "loving" twice underlined. And yet, as he stuffed the letter into his pocket and went on deck, he felt irritated. Irritated and annoyed because he didn't fully know why he was irritated. The crew were singling up as he clambered on to the bridge.

"Let go forrard!"

Damn it—why should she spoil such a nice letter by writing that—why——?

"Let go aft!"

She must have been feeling a bit out.

"Slow ahead! One turn to starboard!"

Gently they moved away from the jetty and towards the outer harbour.

Aye—that was it—must have been summat oop wi 'er—must have been feeling a bit out o' sorts, or maybe the youngsters were worrying her. He smiled as he thought of the youngsters. Pretty as a picture the girl was—just like her ma. And as for the little lad, well . . .

"Midships! Steady as she goes!"

But a woman had no right to take it out of her husband just 'cos the children were worrying her—didn't ought to be a mother if she did that.

"Half ahead!"

They were threading their way across the outer harbour now, towards the boom gates, towards the sea.

Yet she were the best mother and the best wife that ever a chap could wish for—then, why did she write that P.S.? It made the letter like—like a snake or that funny animal he couldn't remember the name of—with a sting in its tail.

"Tak' 'er through the middle, coxn!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

Good lad the coxn. One of them public school boys, so they said, run away from school to join the merchant service, transferred to navy when the war came, wanted more excitement. Knew his stuff though, like all they merchant service chaps; plenty of book learning as well, couldn't manage without him, what with the signals and orders and accounts and things which swamped the ship every time they returned to port; wrote all the ship's letters too, he did—aye, and thinking of letters . . .

He pulled it out, turned to the last page and read the P.S. yet again. "Why don't you never send no fish home like the others do. Mrs. Seddon gets a box reg'lar every week and he's only a trawler skipper same as you. Seems you never think of somethink nice for me and the children."

WITH quite a thrill of pride he watched the great net drop over the side and float gently aft

"Slow ahead!"

A couple of squat, grey tank-landing craft were making their fussy way inwards and he gave way to them.

Comparing him to old "skinny Seddon"! That was the limit, that was. Why the feller could no more handle a trawler than he could conduct that theer Alley orchestra in Manchester.

"Full ahead!"

Slowly the ship gathered speed and as they passed through the gates it dawned on him. Jealous! That's what she was. Jealous of old Seddon's missis. Come to think of it, it couldn't be anything else—just jealous.

He gave a sigh of relief at having reached the

right explanation of her letter at last.

"Stand by for out sweeps!"

At last the weather had cleared after weeks of gales. The sun sparkled on the wavelets dancing past the trawler as she nosed her way up to No. 1 buoy. Sweeping was a pleasure in weather like this. Not that he'd ever shirked sweeping in bad weather. Why no ship in the navy had a better record of bad weather sweeping than the "old cow" as he affectionately called her; and why not? He'd joined the navy to sweep mines, to do his duty—not to go fishing like old Seddon. No wonder he had to send fish home—to keep that sour-faced wife of his in a good humour—to keep her from nagging when he went home on leave—what a treasure his own lass was by comparison. How different—how diff—how—how then could she be jealous of a woman like that?—and suddenly, in spite of himself, the sense of irritation came back again.

"Only a trawler skipper same as you."

He remembered the words exactly.

Was she trying to belittle . . .

"All ready to stream, sir!" The coxn had finished with the wheel, now they had cleared the harbour, and were standing aft waiting for orders.

"Orright coxn, carry on!" And then:—

"Slow ahead!"

"—like the others," he mused.

What others? Was he lacking in his duties as a husband? Did she mean——? Did she——? Fish! Fish was it she wanted? Well, she'd get it! —enough to stink the place out—enough to turn Skipper Seddon's wife green with envy—enough to . . .

"Coxn! Will ye coom oop 'ere a minute?"

"Coming up, sir!"

The coxn clambered nimbly up to the bridge and waited.

The skipper coughed nervously.

"Er—coxn—er—I want yer add-vice."

"Certainly sir."

"Er—are ye married?"

"No, sir."

"Lucky feller!"

"Oh, I don't know about that, sir."

"Aye—well, p'raps y'are and p'raps not."

The skipper shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. The coxn waited in amused anticipation.

"All ready to switch on, sirr." The tousled head of "wires" peered over the bridge rail and made the daily announcement in solemn Scots tones. The skipper welcomed the break and looking aft pretended to survey their "tail" which like some great sea snake that had bitten into the ship's stern and refused to be shaken off now streamed its rippling length behind.

"Switch on both, wires."

"Verra gude, sirr!"

Wires disappeared below and the skipper was left alone again with the coxn. Suddenly he came out with it.

"It's about fishin' coxn. We 'ave a trawl aboard, 'aven't we?"

"Yes, sir, but I don't think it's been used for a long time."

"Er—well—er—I was—er—thinkin'."

"That's fine, sir! I'll get the lads on to it right away."

The coxn moved to leave the bridge.

"'Ere wait a minute, 'tisn't as easy as all that ye know—we 'ave ter finish our sweep first, o' course."

"Of course, sir, that's understood."

"Ay—well—aye, and the lads'll 'ave to keep their gobs shut."

The coxn couldn't suppress his laughter.

"But why, sir? Fishing's been authorised for quite a——"

"What!" exclaimed the skipper. "Hauthorised? By the Admiralty?"

"Yes, it's in the A.F.O.s sir—so long as operations aren't interfered with."

"Well, I'm d—— an' I never knew! Eh, wish I'd got book learnin' like you coxn."

"Well, sir, it doesn't need much learning to read the A.F.O.s sir—can't understand why any one should fight shy of them—just a minute, sir."

He hopped over the rail and returned a few seconds later with his bundle.

"Here we are, sir—I'll have a look in the index."

"No ye don't," said the skipper with sudden determination. "I'll look meself."

He gave a little dignified cough and braced himself for the effort. High time he got the hang of these things. Not good to rely on the coxn always.

"Now—let's see," he said, scanning the first page:—

Admiralty Fleet Orders.

Index June–December, 1942.

Seemed simple enough. He opened a page at random.

Pacific Fleet—general disposition of.

Packing cases—return of.

Crikey! Bit of a difference there! He turned over.

Passover—leave regulations as to.

H'm! Didn't seem to miss much, the Admiralty.

Potato Peelings — collection for pig swill.

THEY pulled away with waited, eyes glued on trawler's

He began to chuckle. What would they think of next! He turned up another page.

Wellington Bombers—adaption for use as torpedo planes.

The chuckle broadened. The page fluttered over in the breeze, and the chuckle developed into a small explosion. There, right in the middle was :—

Wrens' Underwear—revised allowance of.

The coxn joined in the merriment which took some moments to subside.

"Eh! Coxn is there owt these 'ere —what do they call thiselves—Lords Commissioners of Admirallity — is there owt they don't bother about? Seems they ought to be called ladies' commissioners too!

The coxn laughed again, but the skipper suddenly became serious. He had a nimble little brain, and the coxn could almost see it working as he watched him pucker his brows.

"Ye know coxn, I bet there's more than meets the eye in these 'ere orders. 'Ere we are killing ourselves laughing about Wrens' underclothes. Well, supposin' they don't fit 'er proper or she's too 'ot in em or too cold, or p'raps they're ticklin' 'er and makin' 'er scratch, well she gets bad tempered, see! An' then she takes it out of 'er boy friend or 'er 'usband, see? An' then 'e gets upset 'cos 'e worries about 'er and can't get on with 'is job an'—well, there y'are, see what I mean!"

The coxn smiled and nodded.

The skipper went on ruminating to himself—aye, that's it—aye—p'raps his wife's underwear was ticklin' when she wrote that P.S.—p'raps . . . Suddenly he sprang into activity again.

"Damn it, coxn, it's fishin' we're lookin' for, not underwear!" He found what he wanted all right.

There it was in black and white, just as the coxn said, and though some parts of the order did seem a bit complicated—a fact of which he certainly gave no hint to the coxn—it was clear that fishing was allowed—almost encouraged in fact—so long as it didn't interfere with operations. He smiled. A Heinkel 111 once tried to "interfere with his operations" and finished up in the sea, so a spot of fishing certainly wouldn't harm.

None the less when he sang out :—

"In sweeps! at No. 6 buoy!" he thought he'd never seen the lads heave the sweeps in so quickly.

He watched the lads each with his share of the great black and glistening cable on his shoulder staggering back and forth along the deck until at last the rubber floats came bouncing in like great sausages and up went the cry :—

"All inboard, sir!"

A quick look at the chart and his expert eye had chosen the ground. Fifteen minutes at full ahead and they were over the spot, with the whole ship's company excited as schoolboys as their skipper stopped the ship and clambered down on deck to supervise the "shooting" of the trawl. He was excited, too—and anxious to see if his hand still retained its cunning. But one or two of the lads were ex-fishermen like himself and he soon found that neither he nor they had forgotten much of their peacetime profession. The trawl was rigged in no time, and with quite a thrill of pride he watched the great net drop over the side and float gently aft, then slowly, the weighty "doors" were lowered—a fine pair they were, bit of pre-war workmanship he reckoned.

"Pay away!"

He watched them sinking, each one dead upright—if they didn't keep the net well stretched to its task, nothing would.

He took his place on the bridge again.

"Slow ahead!"

And never had time passed so slowly as did the next hour. He paced impatiently round the bridge while every now and then one of the lads would glance inquiringly up at him.

"Eh! It's no good putting trawl down and takkin' it oop in five minutes," he would say somewhat irascibly—and the lads would pipe down again disappointed.

But "stop 'er!" came again at last and he was over the rail and down on deck almost before the engine room could reply.

"'Eave away!"

"'Eave away, sir!" echoed the crew enthusiastically.

Clang-a-chuff, clang-a-chuff, clang-a-chuff! wheezed the winch, thrum-thrum-thrum! sang the warps as they came in through the fairleads.

"Sixty fathom mark up, sir!"

Necks were craned, eyes strained, heads bobbing for better views.

"Forty fathom mark, sir!"

Even the old winch seemed to be going just a bit faster than usual.

"Twenty fathom, sir!"

The doors would soon be up now—yes, here they came.

"'Vast 'eavin'."

The winch stopped in a cloud of steam.

"Come on lands, hands to it now!"

A dozen eager hands seized the rope.

"One—two—six!—all together; one—two—six!"

The net was alongside now.

"Up with 'er, lads!"

They heaved again, but the net refused to come inboard.

"One more, lads!"

But it was no go.

"Put 'er back on t'winch lads."

Clang-a-chuff, clang-a-chuff, the winch wheezed again.

"Now she's comin'."

Slowly the net came in over the side—slowly—slowly.

(*Continued on page* 66)

Illustrations by Jack Matthew

long strokes. Stopped and that solitary bent figure on the deck

A REMARKABLE view of Paris taken on a very clear day, from Notre Dame

The Next Time I See Paris

By Harry J. Greenwall

THE next time I see Paris, my heart will be blithe and gay, all right. How would I wish to see it? You mean, perhaps, at what period of the year would I like to see it again? Well, as it happens, we were discussing just that the other evening.

We had been examining some pictures of Paris, beautifully reproduced, in Goebbels's publication *Signal*. One picture, taken from the steps of the Madeleine, showed the Rue Royale, down to the Concorde. You remember that island refuge just in front of the Madeleine; I mean just between Larue's and Cook's offices? That, to-day, is a German indication board: *Rechts: Links: Centrum*, and so on. I wonder if it will still be there when I see Paris again. What a joy it will be, if it still be there, to take down those boards one by one and smash them; make a bonfire, perhaps; *un feu de joie*, and join hands and dance around it. The next time I see Paris. I wonder when?

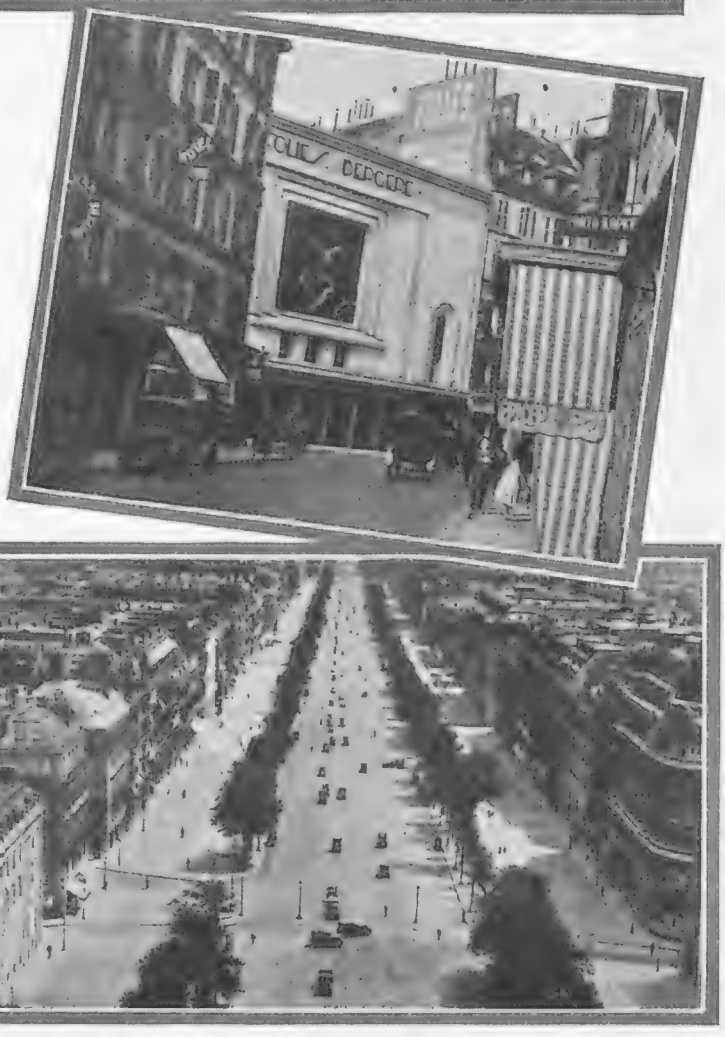
We were sitting round the fire, certainly not a *feu de joie*, old friends, old neighbours, and inevitably, we talked of Paris. There was Redbeard the artist, and José who says she writes, and the insurance man, and myself, four lonely people linked together by the love for a city we had come to call "home." A woman and three men with a heart-aching nostalgia for Paris, the Magic City where dreams come true. We tried, fumbling a little, to put our thoughts into words. Maybe we were using words to cloak our real feelings, for we homeless ones have some bitterness in our innermost souls, and can you wonder? I began the conversation, as I remember, by conjuring up again a picture of a man we knew well. He was a writer; most likely you have read his pieces in the papers; he was quite well known—once. He dressed himself like a character out of the pages of Murger, very Bohemian and all that. Actually, he comes from Manchester, but he has sold his birthright to Vichy, not for a plate of *potage*, but for paper francs, or marks or lire, or whatever it is Vichy uses for money; and so our bitterness surged up again, for the name of our former friend was a link with the past; the past that means Paris to us.

"Do you remember those sunsets?" queried Redbeard musingly. (He's off again, I thought to myself.) "I mean those autumn sunsets," Redbeard went on in a Hamlet-like soliloquy, "when the Seine was like liquid grey smoke. The barges trailed along so silently; and disappeared as if they were ghosts. I used to lean my elbows on the parapet of a bridge and watch the salmon-pink and greys in the western skies, and I caught myself remembering that my mother used to have a dress like that when I was a kid. Those autumn sunsets in Paris; you can't beat them!"

"The hell you can't," broke in the insurance man, our realist; "you artists who are always moaning about sunsets, you can't see Paris for the colours. Give me Paris on a winter's day, when you have to walk briskly and you know there's a darned good meal waiting for you in any restaurant where you like to drop in; just keep your eyes open when you see half a dozen taxis outside a place, with the black cover over the taximeters, that means the taxidrivers are inside, having a meal, and you go where the taximen are; they know. Just like the old *cochers* did. There's always a good meal at the right price, where the Paris taxidrivers eat."

"You men make me tired," said José, lighting a cigarette, "always thinking about your tummies. Why, in Paris one doesn't have to be drooling about food; it's always there, like the *bistro au coin* or the Dubonnet advertisements in the Métro. But," she went on contentedly puffing, "I couldn't run to restaurants, unless someone took me out. I kept house as you boys know."

"We do," we murmured in unison, with memories of past culinary favours. (*Continued on page* 56)



TWO famous high spots of Paris: the Champs Elysées down which the Germans now go goose-stepping, and (above) the Folies Bergère

Old Tales Re-told

Raphael and Stella

A Baker's Daughter Immortalised in Paint

Written and Illustrated

By

F. Matania, R.I.

ONE of the most picturesque streets of papal Rome of the sixteenth century was the Via dei Coronari, the Street of the Rosary-makers. Running from the centre of the city to the bridge of St. Angelo, it was the channel to the Vatican through which passed, all the year round, an endless stream of pilgrims on their way to kiss the well-worn bronze foot of St. Peter.

On either side of the Via dei Coronari stood a line of shops, in which were sold the little souvenirs of Rome so irresistible to the pilgrim: small models of St. Peter, mosaics, sacred images and rosaries of every kind and price, some of modest olive stones or coloured beads, some of mother-of-pearl or coral, and others of semi-precious stones or diamonds. At intervals one might pass a *cantina* renowned for its roast kid and golden wine of Castelli, crowded with noisy patrons.

One of the best known of these shops was that of the baker Pietro Gaffarelli, who lived with his wife and daughter in the house over the shop. Religious to the point of bigotry, Pietro worshipped God and the Pope, deeming the latter a tangible medium between himself and Heaven. After that, in the order of affection, he placed his daughter Stella, whose amazing beauty attracted the immediate attention of all who entered the appetising atmosphere of the bakery.

The women of the neighbourhood were sure that the girl would come to a bad end. She was *too* beautiful. Gaffarelli accepted these gloomy predictions with a smile. No harm would come to the girl while *he* was alive.

His life was mainly devoted to his darling Stella. For her alone he worked so hard. A good dowry was indispensable to the kind of marriage he dreamed of for her, and he kept a watchful eye on any youth who loitered too insistently near his shop. At the same time, though frowning on strangers, he derived much pride from the way in which passers-by would turn their heads and stare at the beautiful girl before going on their way.

Every Sunday he escorted her round the magnificent churches in order to fill her with intelligent appreciation of all that was most beautiful.

The period was the most prolific of all time for great works of art and genius. Every day fresh wonders were pouring into the city. Painters and architects were rivalling each other in the making of a new Rome as gorgeous as that of the ancient Cæsars. Out of mediæval lethargy was born a new frenzy for creation, and under its influence Rome was becoming once again the centre of culture and civilisation.

Art could not have had a better patron than Pope Julius II., who, in the ten years of his reign, devoted large sums of money to the building of St. Peter's, entrusting this great task to Bramante, Michelangelo and Raphael.

When Julius died in 1513 he was succeeded by Leo X, who was none other than Giovanni dei Medici, son of Lorenzo, a worthy descendant of that family of

This provoked an explosion equal to any that Raphael had expected. "My daughter an artist's model! You must be crazy, young man"

art lovers who had contributed so much to making Florence what it was. He undertook the task of surpassing any of his predecessors in embellishing the Holy City. Meanwhile, Michelangelo was busy with the building of St. Peter's, and Raphael, the new-risen star, had become the talk of Rome on account of the rapidity with which he had reached the highest pinnacle of success, and Pope Julius ranked him with Michelangelo.

The same Pope had ordered the redecoration of some rooms painted by many eminent artists, among them Perugino, the teacher of Raphael, in order that they should be repainted by Raphael himself. But the young artist refused to allow this act of sacrilege towards his teacher to take place.

Every day fresh tales were recorded of this youthful genius, already surnamed "the divine," who might himself have sprung from the chisel of Phidias, and superstition was added to his reputation.

He had painted a big picture for a church at Palermo, and the case containing the masterpiece was put aboard a ship which was wrecked on the way. Dashed by a tempest on the rocks, the ship broke up and became a mass of floating wreckage, and the loss of Raphael's picture was considered a national calamity. Several months later, however, a wooden case was seen floating in the sea off Genoa. When salvaged it was found to contain the lost painting, which had travelled practically the whole length of the Italian coast. That it should have been found safe and unharmed after such a journey seemed a miracle of the Holy Virgin, enacted for the protection of her own image.

In the Via dei Coronari, which lay so near the Vatican, every detail of what went on within the Holy precincts was known by even the street urchins. For instance, it was known that Raphael, the favourite of two Popes, was averse to appearing in public officially, but that after a hard day's work he enjoyed frequenting, with his friend and pupil Giulio Romano, the gay little *cantinas* on the outskirts of Rome, where he took advantage of the opportunity to look for new models.

His sense of beauty made him fastidious. He was always searching for a model equal in perfection to the one which only lived in his imagination. His difficulties increased when Agostino Chigi, the famous art magnate, commissioned him to paint a series of frescoes in his Villa Farnesina. These frescoes were to be very different in subject from the religious ones usually entrusted to Raphael. They were to be mythological representations, including the Triumph of Galatea, which meant a plunge into paganism. Poets have described the female divinities as having golden tresses and white skins, and Galatea, in particular, was the fairest of all. Galatea in Greek means "milk." Thus, Raphael was faced with the task of finding an almost impossible type of model in Southern Italy. Amongst the few letters of his which are still extant is one mentioning this difficulty. It was written to Count Castiglione, and runs as follows:

"To paint a beautiful woman I need to see several, and these all more beautiful than I can depict. I wish you would help me to choose the best. Beautiful women are as scarce as good friends, so I have to rely on my imagination in order to attain the degree of excellency in art which I try so hard to achieve." One day, while strolling along the Via

Said Chigi to Raphael: "Where is this famous Venus screen behind which Stella had taken refuge. At Raphael's

whom you found in a baker's shop?" Raphael pointed to the command she raised her head above the screen and was introduced

dei Coronari, he stopped abruptly before the shop of Gaffarelli. What he saw made him blink in order to make sure that it was real. Sitting outside the shop was a girl of incredible beauty, with a wealth of fair hair and a neck as white as ivory. She lowered her eyes, in the manner of one who is used to being stared at. Raphael went on a few steps, then stopped and stared again. Their eyes met. At last he went away, resolving to return next day; but scarcely an hour had elapsed before he was back at the shop again. She was still there. This time she returned his gaze for longer.

That same evening he instructed Giulio Romano to go and find out all about the girl. She was the ideal model for Galatea, and he meant to leave no stone unturned to get her to sit for him.

Her identity being established, he strolled several times up and down the Via dei Coronari without daring to face the Cerberus-like parent who lay in wait for the moths flying round the light. At last he plucked up courage and entered the shop. He told Gaffarelli that he was an artist, and that he would pay well if his daughter would consent to sit for him. This provoked an explosion equal to any that Raphael had expected. "My daughter an artist's model! You must be crazy, young man. You had better get out of here before——" Here his powerful fist banged on the counter. "My Stella an artist's model! Not even for Michelangelo."

Raphael tried to calm him, then asked: "Or even for Raphael?"

The angry man leaned forward and said, emphatically, "Raphael, God bless him, can have all the women he wants. He does not need my daughter. But you are not Raphael, anyway, so now please go away and leave me in peace."

Raphael said: "We artists do not paint only with brushes and colour. We need to have before us a living similarity to the figure we wish to depict. Your daughter is the image of my conception of Galatea, which I must paint for the Villa Farnesina. I am Raphael Sanzio, the friend of the Pope, and, above all women, I need your daughter."

Gaffarelli was stunned when he realised that he was confronted with Raphael himself. Instinctively, he pulled his old flour-covered cap from his head and pushed it into his pocket. For a while he was unable to speak.

During this conversation Stella had stood spellbound. Her eyes were fixed on the handsome stranger and her heart pounded. She heard her father ask humbly who was Galatea, and how she was dressed. Raphael had not expected this question, so he was obliged to evade the answer. He said he had not yet decided what Galatea should wear, as she had to emerge from the sea. Probably she would be draped in veils or seaweed.

"What?" cried Gaffarelli. "My Stella is to rise from the sea wearing only a veil or some seaweed? What would be said of me and of the honour of my house? No, no, it cannot be done. Alas, that amongst all the girls of Rome you should have picked out my daughter!"

Raphael realised that he would get no further with his quest that day, so he decided not to plague the old man any longer. All he said, as he turned to leave the shop, was: "Pope Leo will write to you."

The distressed father had sunk on to a chair and was mopping his brow, so he did not observe the long look that Stella give the artist before he left. From that day on Raphael visited the

shop every morning, hoping to soften the obstinacy of Gaffarelli. Meanwhile, Stella was becoming more and more under the spell of his magnetic presence. At last, a few words bearing the actual signature of Pope Leo brought matters to an end, and Stella packed her belongings and went to the studio of Raphael at Borgo Nuovo.

When the fever of creation takes possession of an artist, he has no regard for any obstacle. Nothing is of importance save his work. Raphael had wanted Stella for Galatea, and now he had got her.

In any other circumstances, the girl would have died sooner than expose her body to the gaze of a stranger; but here, surrounded as she was with paintings and drawings in evidence of the fact that scores of girls before her had sacrificed their modesty to art, it was different. She was hypnotised by the greatness of this adventure, and when she had overcome her first reluctance, she acceded instantly to the wishes of the master, and very soon she was at ease and harmonised perfectly with the atmosphere of the studio.

After his long association with Michelangelo, and having profited by Leonardi's knowledge of anatomy, Raphael plunged with eager enthusiasm into this chance to get away from the over-draped Madonnas and saints. He started on several new subjects. During the long sittings he entertained his model with tales of his career, his travels and adventures, and also with an account of his private troubles.

For years he had been pestered by Cardinal Divizio, who desired that he should marry his niece. Raphael had, in fact, promised to do so, but the girl held no attraction for him. Moreover, the Pope had promised to cardinalise him, and this honour could not be bestowed on a married man.

Stella listened attentively to all this, and then remarked: "If the Cardinal's niece were in love with you, she would willingly renounce any official glory and be proud to become your mistress, so that she could remain near you and yet present no obstacle to your career."

In addition to the fever of his inspiration, Raphael was also in the throes of a process of secret intoxication, and it was this remark of Stella's which opened his eyes to the reality of the moment. He tried to continue with his work, but found his hand not so steady. . . . Light was failing, and he decided to break off for the night. He put down his brushes, and then, drawn by some power stronger than himself, he approached his model before she had time to leave the studio. Brushed aside were all the stupid barriers and conventions of life. . . .

MEANWHILE, the preparatory work at the Villa Farnesina had been completed by Raphael's pupils, and it was time for him to go there himself and proceed with the frescoes, which must be painted direct on the walls. But he shut himself up in his studio, turning a deaf ear to anyone who tried to persuade him to leave it.

Agostino Chigi had made repeated requests, and one day, as a last resort, he went to the studio to have a personal talk with the obdurate artist.

On entering, he beheld scattered over the floor dozens of drawings for the frescoes he had ordered. In the middle of the studio stood the model's chair—empty. On the easel was a portrait of the missing beauty.

Said Chigi to Raphael: "Where is this famous Venus whom you found in a baker's shop?"

Raphael pointed to the screen behind which Stella had taken refuge when she heard the visitor approach. At Raphael's command she raised her head above the screen and was introduced.

(*Continued on page 67*)

When he lay dead, Stella remained sobbing at the foot of the bier. At the head stood his last picture, "The Transfiguration"

THE finished chair and a tiny model made with odd pieces of wood for the children

A Village Chairmaker

Written and Illustrated

By C. F. Snow

FASHIONS in furniture, like everything else, change with the times, and the over-stuffed, over-decorated chairs of one period give place to the tubular steel and bright leather of to-day's fashion. But chairs modelled on the designs of such masters of their craft as Chippendale and Heppelwhite are always in demand.

Among the earliest chairmakers were the village craftsmen of the Chilterns, or Chiltern Hundreds, as they were called in those days. About the middle of the seventeenth century a number of specialised industries made their appearance in village life, distinct from the time-honoured and all-important occupation of farming. The old Saxon idea of communal self-sufficiency in the villages was giving place to wider activity, and new crafts and enterprises sprang into being.

The Chilterns became famous as the home of the chair leg turners and chairmakers. Almost every village had its chairmaker, for the great beech woods which crowned the sweeping hills gave them unlimited material for their work. The beech woods, in their turn, were preserved by the careful felling of timber carried on by these woodworkers, who planned for future generations as well as for their own needs.

The craft of chairmaking flourished in the Chilterns, until machinery and mass production lowered prices so much that the workers could no longer make a living. Many of them were forced to give up work which they loved, and for which their skill had been both inherited and perfected through long years of labour.

Many found work in the nearby factories tending the machine which had taken over their work. But there were some to whom the music of their own lathes, and the feel of the wood as it grew into beauty beneath their skilled fingers, meant more than material gain.

Their joy in their craft had become too precious a thing to sacrifice in the service of a machine. So these few remained faithful to their craft, and now war has brought a renewed demand for their work, though they too are much restricted in the amount of wood they are allowed to use.

One of the few remaining Chiltern chairmakers is Harold Goodchild, who takes especial pride in the lovely armchairs which he makes of yew wood. He makes many other chairs as well, solid and beautifully finished, with wheel backs and fiddle backs. But the armchairs of yew wood are his pride and joy. Perhaps this is because they call forth his skill in the highest degree, for yew wood is very difficult to work with, being iron-like in its hardness, and yet brittle. It also exhales a poisonous smell which is apt to cause headaches and sickness.

The parts of the chair are roughly chopped into shape, and then the business of creating a chair fit for a king begins. Before the bows can be bent to form the back and the arms of the chair, the wood is steamed to make it pliable. Then while still warm, it is bent round a block and fastened. The block used by this chairmaker is rather interesting, being partly formed of an old ship's plate. The holes in the plate are ideal for helping to lever the bent bow slowly into position.

The seats of the chairs, which are sometimes of elm wood instead of yew, as yew is not often large enough in the trunk, are roughly shaped by means of an adze. Mr. Goodchild's adze is a treasured possession for it (*Continued on page 62*)

(*Above*)
SHAPING the cabriolet legs by means of a draw shave and smoothing up the bow which must be well planed and sand-papered

AFTER steaming, the bows are levered into the desired shape and clamped to cool and set

THE seats of the chairs which are sometimes of elm are shaped with a century old adze

THE legs and stretches are hammered into position. This work bench is made of oak hundreds of years old

NEARING completion. The banister splat, the design of which varies, is hammered in

O'Shea's Boy

How the Call of the New World reached the Heart of an Irish boy

By

Day Russell

"HE'LL not be back!"

There was a note of breaking anxiety in the voice of the mother of Colin O'Shea. Her hands twisted at her apron as she stared through the window. The soft half-drizzle of the Irish mist thrust her anxiety back on her, cutting off the road fifty yards down and dimming the few huddling stone houses of the village.

She turned on her husband who sat in his rush-seated armchair, head thrust deep down into his coat collar. He stared in silence at the peat fire in the grate. Half the blue smoke of the peat went up the chimney and half, discouraged by the heavy damp air outside, drifted into the small kitchen of the cottage. Sean O'Shea took no notice of his wife's cry.

"I'm telling ye he'll not be back."

She had been a handsome woman in her youth, but there'd been too little money and too many troubles to preserve her dark beauty.

"Damn the English," muttered her husband.

"The English. Always the English; if the hay rots wid rain or the milk sours, blame the English! Who was it sent him across the border? Who was it sent the boy to feed your greed wid the English silver?"

Her rebelling eyes stabbed the back of the still man. Her words came fast.

"I knew it. I knew it from whin it began. Bargain wid the devil and the price he'll take will be only one ye'd give your soul not to pay." Her voice broke. "Holy mother of God, he's the only one left to us and now he's gone."

The symptoms of breakdown whipped the man into anger. His back stiffened and his voice came low.

"Will yez hould your tongue and have patience?"

His cold answer caught her growing hysteria and whipped it into anger.

"Patience! Patience, begod! Two days he should be back and him a boy of fourteen."

"Will yez hould your tongue?"

There was a dangerous smouldering in the voice from that still back.

"I will not. I tell yez the English have caught him, wid the border thick as thorns wid their sojers. They've caught him and there'll be a black mark of shame on him and he'll spend his life in an English prison." She thrust her pointing hand at the crock on the mantel above the fireplace. "Pieces of silver. Pieces of silver, the same that Judas got for his bargain wid the devil."

There was a grunt of disgust from the man in the chair.

"And who the devil do ye think we sell eggs and butter to if not the English? Are they the kind to starve their bellies to hurt a boy?"

"Did ye not see wid your own eyes? Did ye not see in the paper? Did ye not see the new law wid fourteen years in prison for thim that deals in the black market?"

"That's for their own people and for the Ulstermen. Who are we to sell butter at half the price and not get twice the price for walking across the border to the north? And is not ivery soul in the county doing the like?"

"Sure they are. Sure they are, and wouldn't the devil himself be picking on us to pay the price of all this black dealing, and Colin our only boy, wid his brother gone away to join his uncles and his cousins."

"Hould your tongue, woman. Did I not tell yez he'll come back."

"He'll come back!" Bitterness poured through her words. "He'll come back, ye say, and two days already I'm wearing me eyes out looking for him coming up the road." She turned to the window again and stopped short. "Holy mother, praise be to God!"

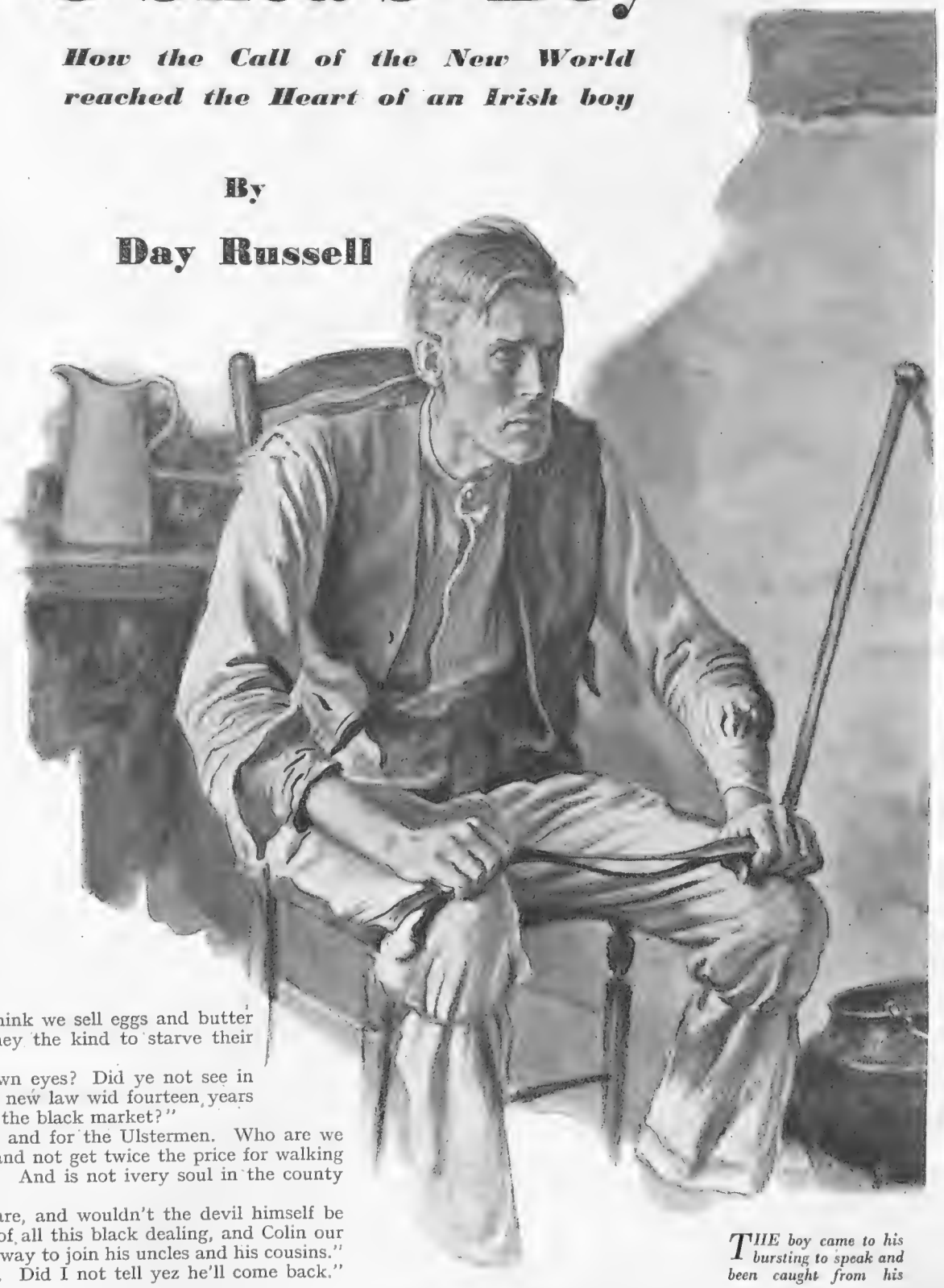
The stiffness melted out of the man on the chair. He began to unbuckle the leather belt round his middle and to ease it from behind him.

"Did I not tell ye he'd be back? I'll thrash the hide off his back for plaguing us wid his tricks."

The woman, weak with relief, watched a boy limping up the road bedraggled with damp. Her eyes followed his every step and he might have been St. Patrick himself moving in a cloud of glory from the light in her eyes as she watched him.

Her husband did not move from his chair.

Nor did he move when he heard the boy's mother at the



THE boy came to his bursting to speak and been caught from his

door, nor when he heard her whisper. "Colin boy, oh, Colin boy, where have yez been?"

He heard the boy wriggle out of his mother's embrace and he waited with the belt doubled across his knee and drawn tight with his hard grip.

The boy came to his father with no fear, but with his tongue bursting to speak and a glow in his face that might have been caught from his mother so like were their eyes.

He dipped his hand into his shirt and dropped a small soft wallet into his father's lap.

"Twenty-nine shillings and sixpence and will ye send the same as soon as ye can?"

The boy was dog-weary in his limbs, but there was a spring of vitality in him waiting to burst out in a waterfall of words. His father stopped him short. "Two days ye should have been back. Two days wid your mother worrying the blood from her heart."

The boy heard the ominous note in his father's voice and saw for the first time the belt across his knee. But there was something he had to tell which would match that and beat it.

"Will ye wait till I'm telling yez? The whole county across is full of the talk of the Americans come to fight for the English. Twenty miles at Ballykinlar they were and if I had not gone to see thim they might have

father with no fear but with his tongue a glow in his face that might have mother, so like were their eyes

been moved right away by the next time I was across."

"Holy be!" The exclamation came from his mother and his father swung around. Suddenly their son was the only one in the village who had seen the Americans. In a minute the cottage would be filled with the village people avidly curious for news of the Americans across the border.

The words stumbled from the boy, so eager was he to get it all out.

"Whin I got there it was the morning and there they were, miles and miles of thim marching and they were grand. Bigger they are than the English and ye'd not tell which were the officers and which were the soldiers the way their uniforms were the finest ye ever saw. And on the street I met one av thim that was not marching and I asked if Danny was with thim.

"'Danny who?' says he. 'Danny, my brother,' says I, 'that went to America.' 'Danny what?' says he. 'Danny O'Shea,' I says. Then he says, 'Kid, there's an O'Shea in ivery regiment of this army and ye'd as soon find Danny as the needle in the haystack.'

"Then he says I look hungry, and he takes me wid him and ye niver saw the like of it and he says the food they give one man in a day would feed an Irish family for a week. And whin I couldn't ate any more I asked him if it was true the money grows in America like the grass in the fields. And he says ye'd think it was true the way they're taxing thim and what's more, he says, the sun shines ivery day over there and he'd give all the money in America to see it again just for one day.

"And thin he says it is the grandest country in the world and if I had half the sense of Danny I'd be going there myself."

His mother cut him off. "Mother of God! Standing there wet to your skin. Get ye and put dry clothes on. There's hot stew waiting in the pot."

She watched his back as he went up the narrow stair and the light went from her face.

She turned to her husband. He was slipping the belt around his middle.

"Did I not tell ye he'd be back?" he said.

"Put your silver pieces in the pot," she said. "I'll not touch a single penny of thim. Thirty pieces of silver."

His anger smouldered up again. "Hould your tongue, will yez!"

"I will not. Did ye not see his eyes? The fever's in his feet. He'll be after his brother and we've lost him sure as if he'd niver come back."

She sat down and buried her head in her coarse linen apron.

The man jerked his belt savagely to its buckle.

"Damn the English!" he muttered.

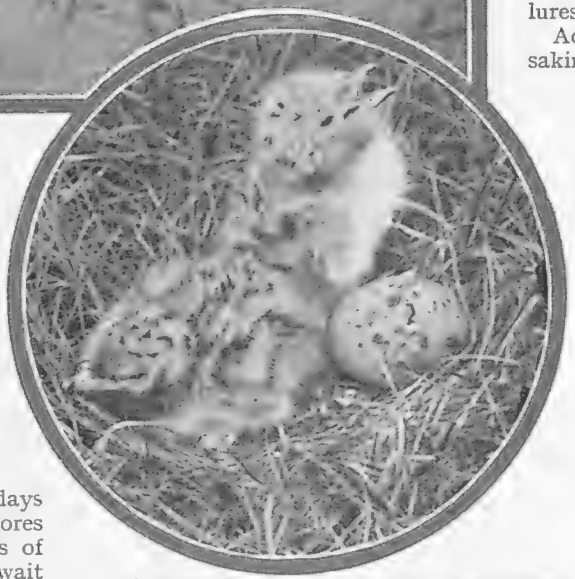
END

"KID, there's an O'Shea in ivery regiment of this army and ye'd as soon find Danny as the needle in the haystack"

THE most dainty and charming of all sea birds—the little terns. Their family affairs are characterised by extreme simplicity and the only home they can boast of is a mere scrape in the sand or shingle

A Day By The Sea

By B. Melville Nicholas



A PAIR of common terns admiring the wonderful world in which they have just arrived, and another soon will be so doing

THE main purpose of our brief holidays this year must be to gather up stores of fitness against the long months of winter and the gigantic tasks that await us. Of all the holidays that suit the times, one that gives you the stimulating air of sea and cliffs is surely the best. Of course, we are a country at war and many restrictions have been imposed in certain areas, but there is still a great deal of freedom for genuine holiday makers.

I am fortunate enough to live near the coast and every summer I always manage to spend at least one day among the sea birds. Of course wartime measures have curtailed many liberties and photography is one of the joys I am obliged to forgo.

Nevertheless, many joys remain, and a few days ago, packing a few sandwiches in my pocket, I wended my way down the narrow, winding lane that led to the cliffs. As I neared the rugged rocks that had for centuries so majestically withstood the mountainous waves of the wide Atlantic, I could hear the noisy screams of the gulls as they wheeled to and fro with the very rhythm of the waves.

It was almost exactly a year to the very day that I last visited this particular area and as I looked over the acres of grass-topped cliffs that surrounded me, nothing seemed to have changed. Although a year had passed, a year in which change and circumstance had played their part and worked their havoc, Nature had responded, as hitherto, to the will of her Creator. Once again the cliffs were decked with flowers and once again the puffins had returned to their familiar holes and burrows to conduct their family affairs.

Wherever I looked there were puffins in countless numbers, and to see these fascinating birds with their immense orange beaks, and their tiny dark eyes in triangular settings, sedately attired in black and white livery, against their background of flowers, was a sight that will not easily fade from my memory.

Puffins lay only a single white egg at the far end of their nesting burrow and for about forty days the female alone incubates it. The chick, very downy at first, has to be fed by its parents for a period of six weeks. Then, strange to say, the parents' attitude towards their progeny changes and they forsake it altogether. For days the youngster remains alone in its nursery waiting and yearning for food, without receiving any. Eventually, hunger prompts it to leave its hiding place and seek the open cliffs from whence the irresistible attraction of the sea soon lures it to glide down to the waves.

Actually, the parents' attitude in forsaking their chick, however cruel it may seem, is a wise provision of Nature, for a fat, roly-poly, well-fed baby puffin would be far too weighty to plane safely down to the sea on its immature wings.

The gannet, our largest sea fowl, behaves similarly towards its only chick which, when half-starved, is also able to glide in safety down to its watery environment. I have never once known a young gannet or puffin that has been thus fasted for its first flight come to grief, but I have known many instances in which these youngsters have inadvertently left their nest while fat and full, only to crash to death on the rocks beneath—their comparatively weak wings being unable to steady the weighty bird.

Both puffins and gannets are gregarious and nest in colonies. In fact, most sea birds believe in communal life during the nesting season and razorbills and guillemots also congregate in hundreds on suitable cliffs to lay their single egg on the bare rock itself. The eggs lie here, there and everywhere and how each bird manages to know its own egg and contrives to save it from destruction has always puzzled me. Of course, the fact that the egg is (*Continued on page* 54)

RAZORBILLS and guillemots also congregate on suitable cliffs to lay their single egg on the bare rock itself

A FOURSOME of puffins. Fascinating birds with their immense orange beaks and tiny dark eyes in triangular setting

Illustrations by Jack Faulks

The Old

THE little bus rattled by, and its lights were soon lost in the dust that swirled up from the white, twisting road.

The girl stood still, watching it go. The hand that had waved so frantically came slowly to her side; but her face was passive enough: after her last two years, a mishap like losing the only bus into Tangier, eight miles away, wasn't anything to make her stamp or weep.

Even the prospect of a night walk, alone, along this uncertain road, didn't seem to be much on her mind as she set off again, dragging the big old coat tighter about her thin body because the chill of a north African night was going to matter now.

She seemed reluctant, though, to leave behind her this village of Ciajos, with its silent, grey, stocky houses; and she kept looking back, hoping for some miracle like a cart going her way, or for somebody to talk to.

Presently she stopped—listening. The little edged winds of the mistral came in gusts, but after a moment she knew she really heard the sound of an automobile motor. It grew clearer. It was coming the wrong way—*from* Tangier. It carried no lights.

By instinct the girl moved back and found a corner of a building to press herself against, as the car—a small van it turned out to be—bumped and rattled slowly past.

There was only one man in it, the driver. She kept back.

Slower still the van bumped by, until it turned off the road down between two of the buildings. There came a squeaking of brakes, then the engine died away, and the place was silent again.

IT was some time before the girl moved. Only the authorities and their friends had petrol to use, and she knew there'd be questions about her being too far out of Tangier.

But the wind brought something else: scraps of whistling. Eagerly she pieced it together; and something suddenly brightened in her too-still grey eyes: for who on earth could be whistling "The Kerry Dance" in 1943 Spanish Morocco?

Then she hurried back and down the opening and alongside the van. The man in the driver's seat hardly looked surprised.

"My name's Marie Proctor," she said, smiling. "I'm stranded. Any chance of a lift into Tangier?" He watched her. She confirmed, more hesitantly: "I'm English."

He said flatly: "What of it?"

Marie shut up. It was a pity. He didn't look or speak like a continental, though his worn raincoat and hat gave nothing away. But three months in the once-international city of Tangier had taught her the sense of getting mixed up in nothing with strangers: anybody but Spaniards and Arabs were bad company, and Franco's smart grey-coated police were meticulous judges of company now. The girl drew back.

The man's quick eyes were still on her. Even in that poor light her face had life and intelligence, but he saw more: a resignation and submissiveness that came too quickly and naturally for so young a face.

"If you'll wait half an hour," he said, "I'll take you back. Here, you can come in."

She got in beside him, and he offered her an English cigarette. She shook her head, saying evenly:—

"I had a year interned by the Germans at Etaples—I've never gone back to smoking."

He showed no interest, a lean-faced man whose dark eyes spoke of secrets. Her mind was away too, back in Etaples in the crammed Lycée Baratoire, that ancient school building that had held her so long sleeping and eating

SHE got in beside him

—a little—shoulder to shoulder with women she learnt to pity, like, love, hate, despise, Englishwomen caught in France, left without their jobs, their annuities, their dogs, their hopes. Her hopes had gone too, for the letter from Madeleine, her employer's daughter, had never come; nobody, nothing had come, except two Red Cross parcels—until five of the women died and Vichy grew afraid and moved fifty more out—out—anywhere—then the strange chance meeting with Señor Carindos, that important official of the French-Spanish commission to liquidate the wretched flotsam of the Civil War. She was a teacher of English, was she? Perplexed Señor Carindos had four daughters whose education was suffering through this damnable war—would she like to come to Tangier—he could arrange it.

"What are you doing out here?" said the man at her side suddenly.

"I just came out for a walk, and they told me you could see Gibraltar from here, so I kept on."

"What do you want to see Gibraltar for?"

"See if it's too far to swim to."

"Who are you spying for? London?"

"I might as well be a spy, the times I've had."

"Ah well," he said, levelly, "every foreigner here has a grand story ready. Did you see Gibraltar?"

"No. Too many things in the way. It seems high enough here, though."

He yawned, and stretched. "Maybe you could from that wall—if that's all you want for happiness."

"It's getting too dark now."

"All the better to see with. There—look!"

She had seen them already: two searchlights blazing through the sky over the sea.

SHE got out, while the man protested savagely at her side. She saw something then, held forward beneath the torch to show them—a revolver

In Heart

A Woman's Courage in face of Death caused a Man to see the Path of Duty

By Edward Harding

"Must be some trouble about," he said, opening the door and getting out of the van. "I've seen anti-aircraft flashes from Gibraltar before. Come and have a look."

When she got out he had climbed on to a thick low wall at the back of the nearest house.

"Not high enough," he said. "Let's have a look from the roof of this place."

"It's somebody's house, isn't it?"

He stared at her curiously. "Didn't you know this place is empty—the Arabs have all gone—they shifted the date-packing station into town. Come on, we can get in this window here—I've got half an hour to kill."

She shook her head again, watching the pale beams in the sky. If she could have flown down one she'd be among English people—she'd have been home—no more trouble or fear.

There was a queer, faint tinkling that rose gently and faded again, somewhere from the window. The man had reached it, pushed in some cloth or sacking over the window, and gone in.

Presently he emerged on the flat roof. Then he called softly:—

"No. You're right. Too many things in the way. No, I can't see where the searchlights meet on the ground."

She waited, patiently as always, dreaming of English people and roads and flowers and her home in Elston, Northumberland.

She heard the faint, sweet tinkling again as the man came out of the window and felt his way down to the wall.

"What's that noise inside?"

He answered absently. "Oh, just one of those glass curtain affairs—all over the East—you know—long, glass crystals to make cheap music when the wind stirs them. When I lifted that raggy cloth there the wind got in, you see."

"How lovely," she marvelled, as they got back in the van.

"They're reckoned *very* old-fashioned in Morocco. But it's funny the Arabs didn't take it out when they left."

Certainly there was nothing like that in the brilliant gleaming new house of the Carindos, her latest prison, on the Toldana Hill behind Tangier city.

"That house there." The brown face and hard deep eyes were on her, and his voice was thoughtful. "They must be rebuilding completely. All the inside walls have gone and the floor's all broken up and sunk a yard—and it's covered in wet concrete."

Marie raised polite eyebrows, wondering what things had put those heavy lines in his face, thinking his speech had a tinge of Dublin, reminding herself how silly it was to thank any human being who couldn't help you to get a little further home.

"There's a big new concrete mixer in the corner, too."

"Queer," she said. "But these are queer parts, aren't they?" She added, innocently: "Will you really be only half an hour?"

"I hope so. I've a customer coming here to collect my load of dates." He looked very quizzical. "Will there be trouble if you're late?"

"They lock the doors at ten. I am private tutor to the

children of a very important Spanish government official."

"A government official!" He grinned suddenly. "Can't he help you to get home?".

"Oh," she said, not quite so wearily, "he keeps on hinting the permit's on its way; but then—he's always hinting at—all sorts of things—I don't suppose he'll want to lose his children's education at cut rates——"

"That'll be it. That'll be why he won't help." The man nudged her shoulder, with unexpected friendliness. "Don't let things get you down. At least it's something to have a home to be trying to get back to."

Her eyes on him were solemn, but he only winked.

"The only place I care about," he stated, "is that old slab of granite you're wanting to see. And I'll tell you why, just because it doesn't matter to you and because it'll stop me worrying about that wily brown devil that should've been here by now to collect my dates—after the trouble I had to get this van!"

His thumb jerked to the body of the van.

"It was in 1934, after there'd been some trouble with the Riffs in these very hills—and it was all something to do with liberty and freedom, in the days when you didn't hear those blessed words as much as you do now.

"But there was I, caught like a rat in a trap, and both dagoes and Frenchies after my blood. When who rolled along but a bunch of lads from Gib, tight as drums, and they reckoned there was too many against me so they joined in to even things up. There was plenty of trouble then, and more still when the authorities looked into it, but I got away, and lived to make more trouble, ma'am."

After a moment she said: "You're not interested in this war at all?"

"Not me. I was in a war I was interested in—six, seven years ago—over there. I'm too old for this one."

"You don't look old."

"You don't only age," he replied, curiously, "in the places that are seen. No, I'm neutral—on Gib's side."

All at once there was a heavy, loud rumble that shook the ground under the van. In the distance there was some commotion.

"What's that!" He had gone as white as she was; but he recovered quickly, drew in a big breath, turned to look round into the body of the van, and grinned: "What am I worried about—or you?"

"I hate anything happening—where I am."

"I'll slip out and see what it was. You wait here."

He hurried out and away. But she wasn't going to be left with a van like that, and she went out, too, to stand at the house corner. All was still. The night was coming down quicker now.

On an impulse she moved back to the van, opened the door, and leaned into the back, to look at what the man was fetching for his customer. Certainly they were date-packing boxes, labelled *Sandros* like hundreds of others she'd seen. But heavy wire, binding the wood, was new to her. She leaned further and tried to lift the corner of one of the boxes. It wouldn't lift: it was too heavy. She came out and went quickly into the street.

There was disquiet in her eyes; but she knew quite well it definitely meant walking to Tangier alone now, and she set off. The idea of being mixed up in anything had long ago become a matter of nerves to this girl, and everybody in North Africa knew how the state police liked gun-running.

But the man came bustling back to shepherd her towards the van again.

"I'll give you a thousand guesses and you'll not be guessing what that noise was. But you look like you won't try, so I'll tell you what they told me down there: it was a house falling down."

SOMETHING flew through the air, there was a little crack, and the big German gave a cry and then went down slowly sideways and forward

"You mean—bombs?"

"That's just it—no bombs—no bang—just the house fell down by itself."

"But these places are like forts!"

"So they are too—but they tell me another fell the same way two nights ago."

She said quickly and cautiously: "It doesn't matter to me!"

"Nor to me, ma'am. But it's queer—queer like the way everybody's left this place, except them few Arabs down by the sea—queer like this empty house here. Maybe it's the next on the schedule."

"I think I'll start off for Tangier," she said. "I'm going to be too late. Do you mind?" (*Continued on page 53*)

On Duty—and Off

There are days when lucky stars, seem bent on outshining themselves, and then, in the ordinary course of events, fade back to normality again. Such a day it was when two agencies telephoned to say that they had a housemaid on their books. These were the first housemaids that I had even heard of in ten months, and although, needless to say, nothing came of them, it was nice to know of their existence, to learn their names, age, and to be reassured of the fact that they were honest, sober and respectable and clean about their work and person.

The self-same day, while opening a drawer, I discovered a Cellophane box containing a white plaster hand on a shocking pink satin cushion, and in the palm of the hand was a largish bottle of Schiaparelli scent which must have been held there for a good four years.

Housemaids and good French perfume are indeed unimportant trifles. If you are lucky enough still to have your house, who cares whether it is minus a housemaid? But, even so, the little things that happen on lucky days are still worth enjoying.

By Jane Gordon

OFF DUTY

SOMEBODY was telling me the other day about the wonderful tonic effects of fresh yeast. "One of the big brewers will send it to you fresh twice a week," she said. "It is a real builder-up. You look as if you could do with a bit of building-up," she added somewhat rudely, "and I am sure it would do you a power of good."

Looking at the household, I decided that we could all do with building-up, and the result was we got in touch with the brewery and asked if they would be kind enough to include us in their fresh-yeast service. Since when three little cartons of fresh yeast arrive at the house twice a week, with instructions to take two small teaspoonfuls once a day mixed into a quarter of a pint (which is roughly half a tumbler) of cold water, beer or milk. Mixed with water, it tastes like very bad beer; mixed with beer or stout, it is not too nasty, and we have not so far tried it in milk.

The tonic effect on this household has been excellent. The course lasts for thirteen weeks. No charge is made for the yeast, but at the end of the course you pay for the postage and you are encouraged to give a donation to the London Hospital.

Quite apart from being a good tonic, fresh yeast certainly flatters the complexion a great deal, aud I can now understand the reputation it enjoys for clearing up spots.

A lot of women have remarked upon the extraordinary number of "unknown" brands of cosmetics that one sees in the shops. It may be due to some peculiar "zoning" scheme which brings us certain makes which previously were sold in other parts of the country. On the other hand, it is more probably due to the fact that we notice these brands to-day because we are always on the look-out for cosmetics of any kind! In the days before vanishing cream had vanished and there was every foundation for believing that we could get our favourite foundation cream at the nearest shop, it is probable that there were just as many brands which were unknown to us, but the matter didn't strike us as it does to-day. All the same, there is a very special thrill in coming across a jar of our own special cream or skin-food. The other day we were lucky enough to see—and purchase!—a jar of Jeannette Pomeroy Skin Food. This has been a great favourite with women for many years now; in fact, much of Jeannette Pomeroy's reputation for fine quality cosmetics was gained from this skin-food in the early days. This cream is still of the same high standard that it always was, and it speaks well for the manufacturers that they have maintained the quality under the difficult conditions of wartime. But this is one of those brands of cosmetics which have always been famous for high quality. There can be no reduction in the standards of a product like this. Many years of public goodwill would be at stake. That is why it 's worth while to be patient when buying cosmetics The best brands, such as Jeannette Pomeroy, are always worth waiting for.

ON DUTY

HERE is a real-life story. Unlike most real-life stories, this one points a moral and adorns a publicity campaign, albeit in a very minor way. It began many months ago when Mrs. Blank took her little boy to see a doctor. The boy was nine years old or thereabouts, and he had fallen and bumped his knee. The apparent result was a painful swelling, and was treated as such. The treatment was not particularly successful, and after a few weeks his ankle as well as his knee was troubling him. As a precautionary measure, a blood test was taken. The result was positive, and the sad news was broken to Mrs. Blank that her son was suffering from inherited venereal disease. Then there were tears and a confession. Mrs. Blank said that she should never have had the boy, as she had been treated for this disease before he was born. She had two other children, both daughters, one married and one growing up.

It was suggested that she and her two daughters should all have blood tests. The eldest daughter was free of any traces of the disease, but the second girl's test proved positive.

Both the boy and the girl began a course of treatment. The boy took it for granted that the treatment was intended to cure his bad leg. But the girl resented the injections being given to her when she had no signs of illness, and her mother had not the heart to explain the situation to her. Then a propaganda film about venereal disease was shown in London, and Mrs. Dash took the opportunity of taking her daughter to see this film. The story told to the girl all that was needed, and from that time on every trace of resentment disappeared. She came up for her injections gratefully instead of resentfully, and there is now an obvious and friendly understanding between mother and daughter which was lacking before. Incidentally, the girl now has a clean bill of health.

You may consider this a sordid little story, but it should serve a useful purpose by adding some new lessons to those already being taught to the public by the V.D. Campaign. The danger of inherited syphilis is easily overlooked. It is hard to associate this disease with children. The symptoms are usually masked, and the parents are most unlikely to offer any helpful information on the subject. When there is a question of tuberculosis in the family there is no shyness between the doctor and the parents.

(*Continued on page* 67)

HOUSING SHORTAGE

Small house for a couple with two children which embraces the best features of modern equipment and gracious dignity. There is a clean directness about the whole design, inside and out. There are two sitting-rooms, four bedrooms, a good-size kitchen and bathroom

This is the kitchen on the left. It is extends into a dining family meals are point of

Decorative detail must be an aim of future decoration. This is a simple treatment for a corner which could be adapted to any room, modern or period

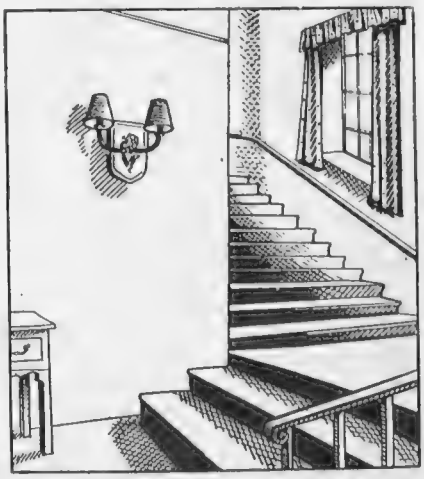
Here is an example of the sun-room of every woman's imagination. It adjoins the sitting-room of the house and has the maximum window space

The House

WHILE architects are planning the layout of the New Britain, women are talking about the practical shape that houses after the war are to take. This, after all, is something they do know about, and the feeling everywhere is that mere talking is not to be the end of it.

Obviously, you cannot have perfect agreement on the subject of the perfect house. Every woman has her own particular tastes, but there are certain fundamentals upon which all are agreed. For a start, all houses will have to be small and compact. This condition is imposed by the servant shortage.

Bathrooms with adequate heating and rail for drying towels are elementary. Built-in refrigerators and gas or electric cookers that dispense with back-aching bending come next on the list of vital



Wide and shallow staircases are an essential of the modern house. They are easily cleaned, safe for children, easy for the passage of furniture

POST-WAR problem number one looks like being the housing shortage. Already there is a scramble for living accommodation, which is only a hint of what will come when settling down becomes the order of the day.

Stern economic conditions are bound to have their effect upon the housing question, but, on the whole, there is no need for the gloomy outlook which is so prevalent.

Things are being done to meet the problem. At present these things have not amounted to very much more than talk, but talk is an essential preliminary to those measures of control and of reconstruction which will, eventually, save us from the mistakes and the confusion which complicated the same problem after the last war.

The Ministry of Health Standing Committee on Housing is an official body appointed to investigate the whole question of civilian housing, and to devise plans for the immediate putting into operation of constructional measures when the war is over.

In addition, there are several independent bodies who are doing valuable work of the same kind, especially in collecting the opinions of women everywhere on the subject of house design and equipment for the masses.

of the American house
perfectly equipped, and
alcove, where most
taken near to the
production

Glass doors between hall and living-room give a much greater feeling of spaciousness than of old. This is a small house, simply but elegantly decorated in the light and easily-cleaned colourings which give such grace

Important measures are being planned to reorganise the building industry, to promote efficiency and skill, and to investigate proposals for the reduction of building costs.

The principle of standardisation promises to be a vital factor in the reduction of building costs. That is to say, the mass production of good, standardised materials will contribute to economy and speed of construction, and without, it is hoped, incurring the danger of monotony, if plans are well laid.

Pre-fabricated houses obviously have a big future. They can be attractive, substantial and of low cost. In the best conditions, they are erected so quickly that you can start building your house one week and move into it the next—or pretty nearly.

The Housing Centre, the Women's Advisory Housing Council, the Town and Country Planning Association are all competent bodies working upon the problem of post-war housing with the aid of the best architectural authorities.

Their influence and their practical support of Government measures are stimulating public opinion, upon which so much depends, for, as in other spheres, the public can only get what it wants if it wants it enough, and says so.

The Housing Centre in Suffolk Street, London, keeps open-house to all interested members of the public who, on payment of a nominal fee, care to go to them for advice on any aspect of house construction and equipment, both for now and the future.

It has its fingers on the pulse of the building industry. Its knowledge is reliable and unbiased, and founded upon investigations which cover every phase of the housing question for every pocket.

The shortage of materials is a vexed question, and may be expected to continue so for some considerable time after the war is over, but control and conservation of available supplies are designed to ensure that the best and most equal use is made of what materials are available.

Every move now being planned is designed to offset these inevitable difficulties, and to give the public in peace, as in war, the opportunity to share equally in the amenities available.

That Every Woman Wants

wants. Rounded corners everywhere and floors on the same level throughout the house must be considered in the design, and an extra room, if possible, for the uses of a nursery, a play- or hobbies-room.

There is a general feeling that, in the past, not sufficient attention has been given to the difference between the needs of a town house and a rural one. Large windows that take in views and sun porches are essentials of the country cottage, whereas the city house demands protection from fogs and dirt and a decorative scheme indoors which compensates for the lack of colour outside.

The best uses of sunshine can only be made, it is felt, where the French-window idea is extended to a small, secluded and draught-proof sun-room, leading from the main sitting-room. More light everywhere would increase the spaciousness and brightness of the entire house and could be easily arranged by the use of glass bricks at strategic points.

Stairs are a bone of contention with women everywhere who have suffered the inconvenience of narrow, steeply-bending staircases, which are tricky to clean, difficult to lay carpet on and practically impossible to move furniture up and down. Wide, shallow staircases, with simple banisters which don't collect dust, are called for emphatically.

Shelves that are movable, which can be pulled out and adjusted for height and personal convenience, are a simple solution to many cupboard troubles.

Sound-proof windows are wanted for town houses, and, more especially, windows that can be easily cleaned outside.

Small windows must be replaced by deep ones which admit all available sun and daylight and modify the difficulties of cleaning

Noise between adjoining houses must be eliminated, and this can only be done by a more substantial quality of building than has hitherto been general.

A return to larger kitchens seems a matter of general agreement.

The room must be suitable for family meals, with space for a dining-recess or the uses of a maid who must be allowed to enjoy the comfort and dignity of a proper sitting-room.

Windows on both sides of the kitchen give it a bright and spacious aspect that is too often lacking. Built-in furniture is practically indispensable, as it leaves so much more space.

Sinks must be large enough for comfortable working. A waste trap should be incorporated in the outlet pipe to do away with the troublesome and unsightly sink basket. A slight tilt to the sink so that waste drains away rapidly is desirable.

These are essential amenities which involve no great cost or difficulties of reconstruction. They are simple common-sense and should be regarded as certainties of the future.

CAREER ON

DO you remember how people said that girls would never be a success on the land because of this and the other thing? Even the farmers themselves were as sceptical as anyone around that time. War brings a lot of wisdom along with the other things it brings.

I made the acquaintance of a crowd of Land Army women last spring, somewhere out on the windswept slopes of Sussex. They had just finished planting three and a half million cabbage plants. It may have been thirteen and a half million. The number doesn't matter. The important thing is that they *had* done it, and this was just one job among many.

Of course, there are plenty of things that women do find arduous and even impossible in farm work. Men have got to do some of the heaviest tasks and always will, but what we didn't realise before this war is that modern farming is, to such a great extent, a science, and a mechanical science at that, that anybody with the right will and a love for the things of nature can be a success at it—even frail woman.

The Women's Land Army have had much less publicity than they deserve so far. In relation to the war effort, there is no single job of more vital importance to the country. There is no Service in which solid toil and practical achievement have been so consistently combined, and to go even farther, there is probably no women's Service in which its members have found more fulfilment in relation to the war as well as to the future.

Out of the experiences of three and a half years, the land emerges as a new and promising career for women. It is a war job for the present and a career for the future for any who care to make it so.

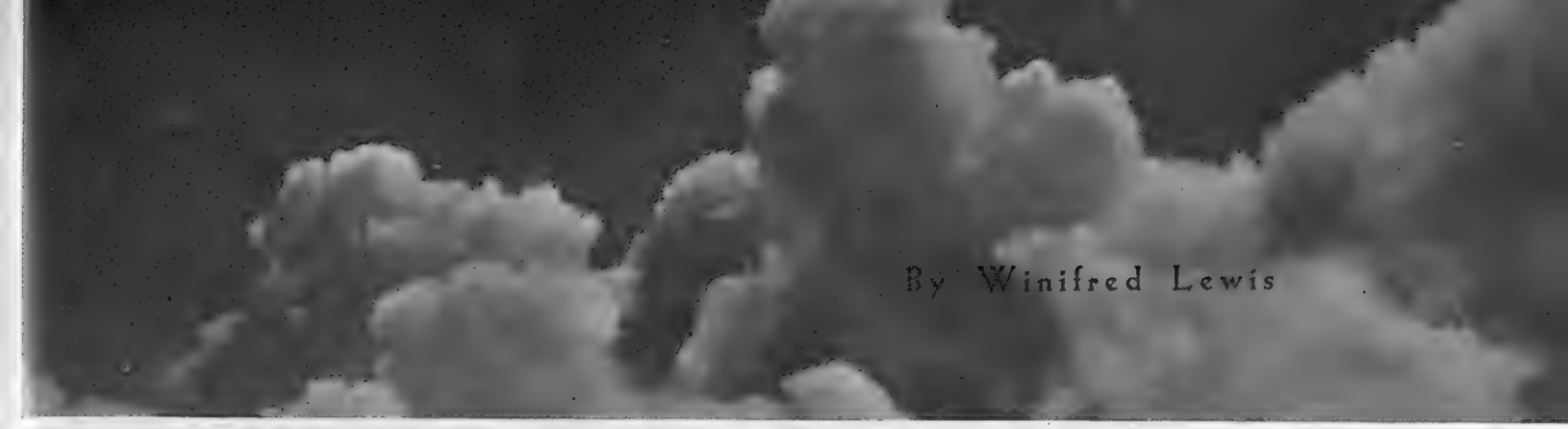
The Women's Land Army has been called the Service without officers, and it is exactly that, but it is not a Service without discipline, because the land itself is the disciplinarian *par excellence*. There is a certain freedom attached to Land Army service which appeals to women who shrink from the regimentation of military service. In its way, it is equally, if not more, exacting as a job. Farmers rise early and work late and are at the mercy of weather and many uncertainties, but there are compensations.

When her work is done, the Land Army woman is free. For that matter, she is free at her job. There is the stimulating pleasure of seeing things grow under her hands; of work accomplished of which the results are visible and realistic. Each session has its new interest, its changes of task, of things learned and experience acquired.

Conditions vary, of course, from place to place. The land-girl may be allocated to a small farm where companionship is something of a problem, but in most agricultural districts many Land Army workers are employed together and are able to share the amenities of good hostels which, in many cases, are pleasant country houses taken over for the purpose.

For the woman who is seriously interested in farming as a career, there is no lack of opportunity for learning in the best places. Any branch of farming can be taken in, because, of course, farming has its specialists, like any other career. Dairy farming, sheep farming, market gardening, poultry-keeping—each offers its different attractions and interest for different tastes.

Dairy farming seems to have the most appeal for women. It is not the easiest form of farm labour by a long way.



By Winifred Lewis

THE LAND

Probably, some appeal to the domestic instinct in women is made by the clean, surgical perfection of the model dairy farm. In any case, most women like to be with animals.

Reveille goes at five o'clock for most dairy workers. Pans have to be sterilised and preparations made before milking comes on, just after daylight. The mechanical milking system is simplicity in itself, but the shining purity of the good dairy is not achieved without labour. Apart from the more arduous phases of the work, dairy farming is a most fascinating science. I prophesy that there will be more than a few women dairy farmers in their own right when this war is finished with.

The lack of opportunities for promotion has kept a lot of women out of the Land Army up to the present, but this problem is being tackled. A new system is about to come into force, allowing Land Army women to take proficiency badges which, naturally, will be of service to them if their after-the-war interests are in land work.

Forewomen are also to be appointed, and two training colleges have already been opened in different parts of the country for the training of women who have shown special qualifications of leadership and the desire to learn more.

Gangs of workers will, in future, be operating under the guidance of forewomen who, as at present promised, are to receive an additional five shillings a week in pay.

Farming has been in the doldrums for so long in this country that a career on the land has never promised any financial security to the farm employee, but there is good reason to hope that farming on a more scientific basis will change all that.

Skill is likely to be that big factor in farming of the future. Trained men and women are required to set the agricultural industry on a new pathway of achievement, and the women who are acquiring their experience and their knowledge in the Land Army of this war are in on the ground floor for the years of expansion ahead.

Nothing in the future can be more certain than the fact that women farmers are to be a serious factor in the rehabilitation of our land.

10 RULES FOR SUMMER

1. Eat raw vegetables at least once a day.
2. Get a minimum of one hour per day in the fresh air and sunshine.
3. Drink six glasses of water each day between meals.
4. Get half an hour of exercise in the open air each day.
5. Have a cold-water shower, splash or rub each morning.

1. When you can, eat these raw: carrot, turnip, cabbage heart, watercress, tomato, cucumber, radishes, onion, celery, parsley, lettuce. Raw vegetables have no vitamins destroyed—and some are destroyable by heating.

In addition to their great food value, many vegetables have a roughage value and keep the body cleansed as they massage their way through the intestines. Before the war, vegetables were not so important, because we had fruit: now we must make the most of all coming our way. If you cannot get them served to you where you eat, get the donkey habit and chew raw vegetables as you would fruit.

2. With double summer saving time, few people can make the excuse that they never have time to be out of doors. Get one hour in the air each day. If you cannot spare the time or have not the convenience just to lie and absorb light—and sun, if it is there—wearing as little as possible, then you must walk part of the way to and from work; do your chores out of doors; take your meals out of doors. Shake yourself out of old routines.

Sunshine supplies—gratis—to the blood-stream that valuable Vitamin D. You do not have to eat special foods; the sunshine itself creates the vitamin within you. Here, then, is your manna from heaven. Store it up now for your body's winter needs. The sun also extracts poisons from every pore of your skin.

3. Because the body perspires more freely in summer, it needs a greater intake of water to allow for that perspiration. So you must try to keep to the habit of six glasses of water a day between meals. A body with insufficient pure water intake cannot be properly cleansed of toxins, any more than a floor can be washed properly with a small cup of water. Do not fool yourself by assuming that any liquids count as water—they do not. A clean interior is half-way to perfect health.

4. We have made an hour in the air one rule, but if you can only manage the bare hour, half of that time must be given to some form of activity other than bending over the flower or vegetable garden. You must make your lungs breathe deeply in the fresh, warm air, and you can best do this by becoming breathless with exertion. Exertion, in itself, speeds up the perspiration process which, of course, also helps to get rid of toxins. Another all-important method of throwing off poisons is the actual routine of breathing. The oxygen taken into the lungs contacts the dark blood which has just collected the body's toxins, and the oxygen purifies the blood, so that when it leaves the lungs it is once again bright red, clean and ready to do another toxin-collecting round. The body is a marvellous mechanism.

5. You know that the blood cleanses the body, removing many toxins; but if you have a poor circulation, your blood-stream can be a laggardly char. There is little chance that many of you will take on the fifth rule as an all-year habit, but a few of you may, and keep your youth many years longer than those who don't.

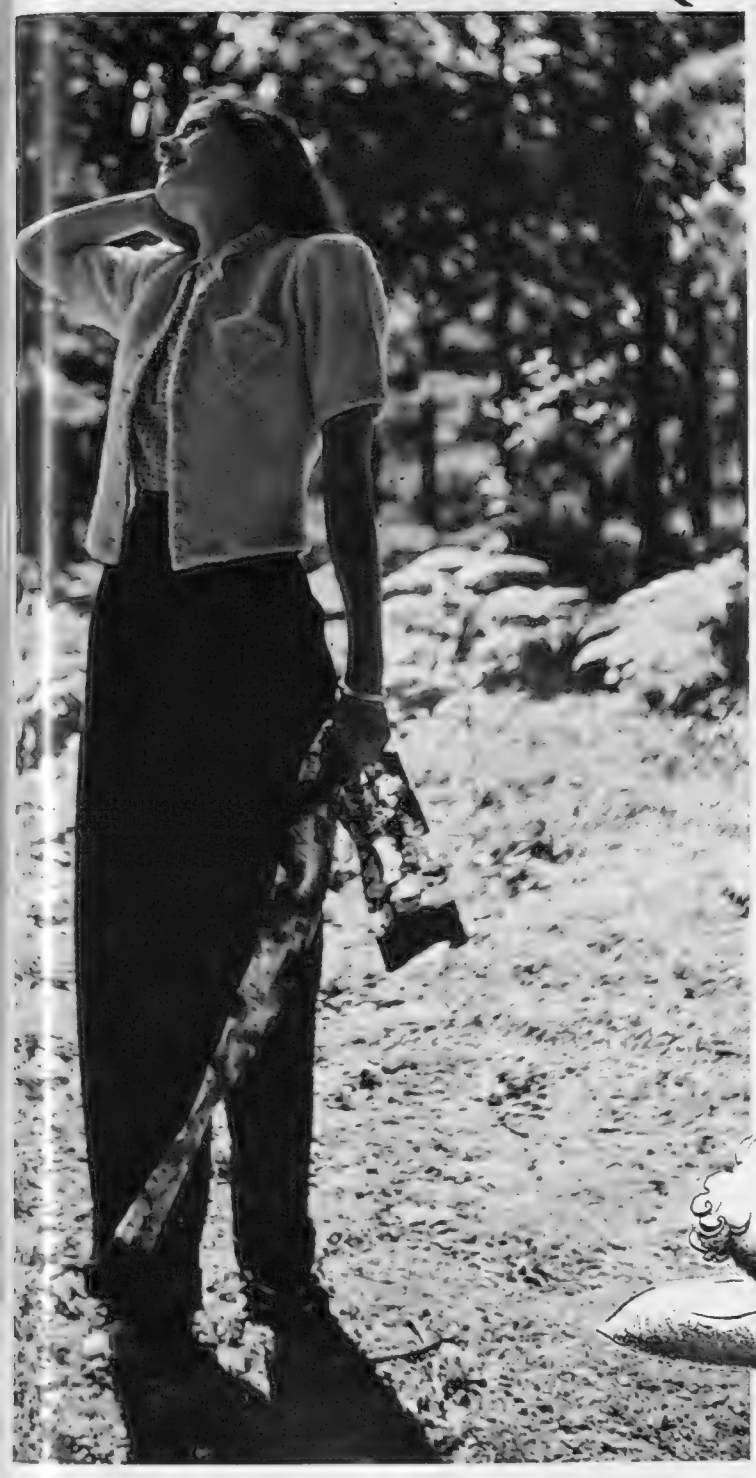
Others will greatly assist their bodily vigour and youthfulness by keeping to it during the summer, when the hot weather makes cold water more acceptable down the spine. Try this cold shower or cold-towel massage, just once. You could never realise the glow of youth that comes pulsing into your body as you dry yourself after the cold water has zoomed up your circulation. It is one of the best body-toners of all time.

HOUSEWIFE'S HOLIDAY

If a real holiday seems as far off as the old days of peace, make up your mind to arrange a holiday at home for yourself. Get things ready beforehand and see that there are no odd jobs to sneak away odd moments of rest.

If you have children, try to arrange for them to go to friends for tea, or even to stay with grandmother for a few days. Get your own clothes in good repair and try to arrange a few enjoyable appointments and outings. Have dinner out at the local pub or a little further from home. Go to some shows, even if it means getting someone in to mind the babes. Remember that holidays cost money and this one will cost next to nothing. When you do eat at home, plan your meals for simplicity of preparation, ease of purchase. If you are

HEALTH & BEAUTY



6. Never sunbake your face unless you have skin food.
7. Always wear sun-glasses or an eye-shade when you are in the sun.
8. Always cleanse the perspiration from your pores.
9. Sun-dry your hair at least once a month, especially if fair.
10. Tone your skin with cold-water splashes rather than astringents.

6. The sun's actual rays—not its heat—evaporate oil and moisture from the skin, and it is oil and moisture that keep the skin young and unlined: a greasy skin never wrinkles as early as a dry skin. So put a good application of skin-food or oil on after sun-baking, and a tiny smear before sun-baking. If you cannot do this, wear a hat-brim to keep the rays from your face. Sufferers from acne and red veins should get every ounce of sunlight they can. The sun revitalises the damaged tissues of the acned face; and the surface cells, thickening to protect themselves against the sun, succeed in hiding red veins. If your skin is very greasy, you need not be so particular about the skin-food application.

7. The skin around the eyes is the least oily of any part of the face; therefore it lines more easily than any other part. Any expression that continually creases skin tissues in the same way results in lines, but around the eyes it takes much less time to make the creases indelible. Direct sunshine makes you frown or screw up the eyes. Wear dark glasses and, if you have it, pat in a smudge of lubricant cream around the eyes before you don them. If you can't get glasses, wear a wide-brimmed hat or an eye-shade. And remember that glare is just as disastrous as bare sunshine.

8. The sun draws perspiration to the surface and it fills the pores of the face, generally mingling with external grime and dust. If you splash the face with cold water—a very common habit—you merely close the pores while they are still packed.

Cleanse the face well before the water-wash, and then you will have emptied the pores as much as possible and closed them. If you try to close packed pores, you just make them sag and remain permanently open through overstrain.

9. The sun will lighten hair because, by drying the glands near the hair follicles, it lessens the oiliness of the hair, but it will also add glints and lights if you let the sunshine and air get through it by outdoor brushing and combing.

Many women deplore the loss of oil in the hair, thinking that the hair gets dry and unruly in the sun. You must counteract this by giving castor-oil or vaseline shampoos regularly each month. If you give the oil shampoos and then dry the hair in the sun you will reap the benefit of the summer twofold.

10. Heat opens flowers—it also opens pores. We have dealt above with the need of cleansing the pores before giving a cold splash, but if you keep this necessity in mind you will do well to use cold water to tone your skin all the summer instead of astringents—unless, of course, you have a very greasy skin. The sun dries your skin, and with the present shortage of creams it seems foolish to let astringents aid the drying process too.

having a few meals out, it will not hurt you to have light lunches involving no cooking.

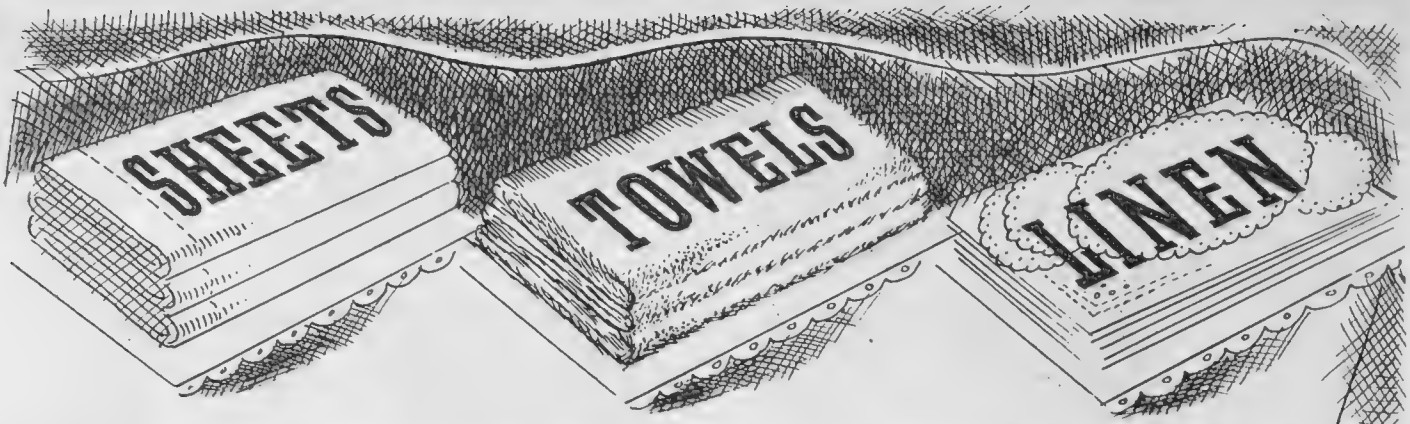
Go to the local or near-by town hairdresser and have a shampoo and set if you have been denying yourself such luxuries. Pull out the pot of nail varnish that has been stuck away and be glamorous again for these few days. Before you start on your holiday get one or two things from your last summer's wardrobe, still unworn, and wear them. Buy yourself anything that you really need and wear it for the holiday, just as you would if you were really going away.

Take a day's trip into the country. Join a library for the few days if you are not a permanent member.

But, for all your preparation, for all your physical holiday you must get the holiday attitude in your mind. Stop thinking of the odd jobs, the little worries—close the kitchen door on them all and lock it. They can pop up again when you officially come home again.

By CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.



The linen situation is everybody's headache. Bed linen, table linen and towels rate as precious as rubies, except that rubies are easier handled. Constant care, clever manipulation and a touch of witchcraft are needed to keep the linen cupboard under control. Even without witchcraft, it can be done.

How The Experts Do It

This is how they darn worn sheets and tablecloths in the linen room at the May Fair Hotel, London. The worn part is placed under the foot of the sewing machine, but the lever which drops the foot is left *up*. With the machine running the work is now moved forward and backwards in an even movement so that the stitching runs up and down across the hole in lines very close together, gradually filling it and leaving a perfectly neat and substantial darn.

Patches are applied to larger holes in much the same way. A patch exactly the size of the hole, which is first trimmed, is cut from another piece of cloth. This is laid into the hole and the machine is worked again, as before, all around the two edges of the patch, making a flat, neat repair with no unsightly bulges.

Make prevention better than cure. Check over the linen every week before it goes to the laundry and seize on any threatened signs of weakness before it becomes a difficult repair.

Go in for more frequent washing during the summer months, especially for bed linen and towels. Anything which comes into direct contact with the body is encouraged to rot when the hotter weather comes. Don't leave dirty clothes in the basket for days after they have been in contact with the body. Soak them in cold water as soon as possible.

Mark linen very clearly and in large letters before it goes to the laundry. This saves trouble for you and the laundry people who are harassed by short staff and, quite understandably, not able to check things so carefully as they once did.

When washing tea towels, don't be tempted to hang them for drying anywhere near the heat of the gas stove because gas fumes rot the thread in no time.

Two thin face towels can be laid together and quilted on the machine. This way you get one strong towel that will see you through for a long time yet.

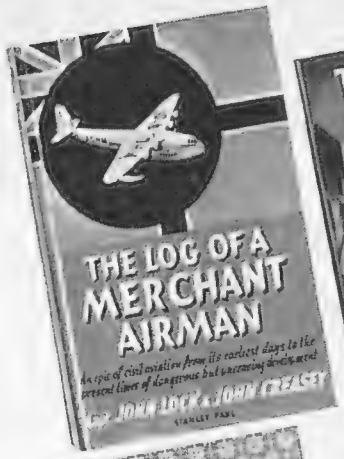
Two worn pillow-cases can be made into one by putting two sound sides together and discarding the worn sides.

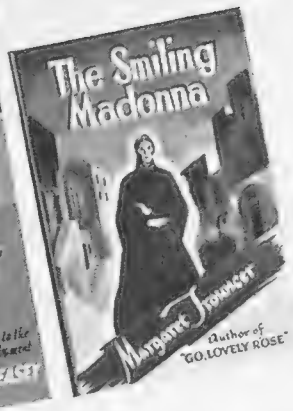
Preventive darning is a good idea. Go over those parts of sheets which are most inclined to break. That is, for instance, at the foot where toes fidget holes in the material. Neat preventive darning hardly shows at all if small darning stitches are taken in matching cotton.

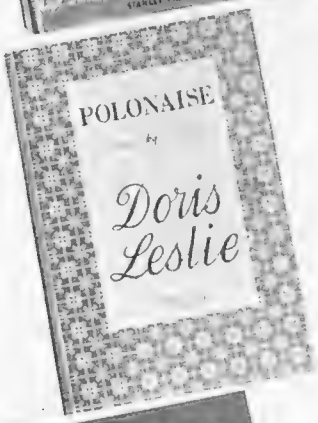
Edges of sheets are vulnerable, too. If these show signs of tearing, a white tape or braid used as a binding all around will give added strength.

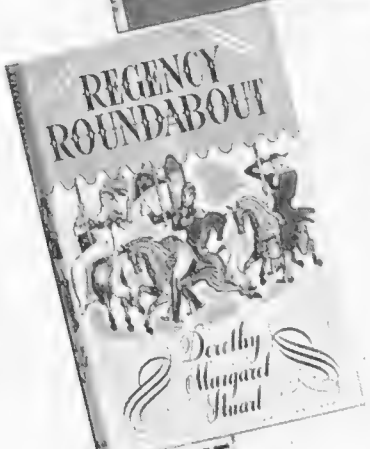
Parts of old sheets—especially linen—can be used to make new pillow-cases. Old damask tablecloths make table napkins. Big towels come down into face cloths and hand towels.

Books: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*









WHY do we, who live in an age of electric switches, bathrooms, and bombs, experience a nostalgic glow when we read of houses illuminated throughout by oil lamps, where "hip baths were laid out every evening in the bedrooms"? Seventy lamps had to be trimmed and filled every morning at Denbies, the Dorking home of Sir Stephen Tallents's grandfather, built by his great-grandfather, Thomas Cubitt, who also built a considerable part of the London we know; and a magic light they shed over the early pages of Sir Stephen's handsomely illustrated autobiography, "**Man and Boy**" (Faber, 21s.). For these alone, and the escape they afford, I would commend it; but, in addition, there is the story of a busy civil servant's career, embracing work against tropical disease in the Board of Trade Marine Department, collaboration with Sir William Beveridge and others in establishing labour exchanges, service in the Ministries of Munitions and Food in the last war (after the Irish Guards and serious wounds), and relief work in the Baltic countries. "It has been a relief," he says, "after covering acres of foolscap with office-spun jargon, to try to write homespun English again." I find the homespun warm and comforting; the book, one of the most satisfying for a long time.

A GRACIOUS lady sits under the shaded lamp—or rushlight—in Miss Margaret Watt's "**The History of the Parson's Wife**" (Faber, 8s. 6d.). She has had little thanks for all her unpaid work through five centuries, Miss Watt pleads. "But popular opinion does not like to see its Aunt Sallies really overthrown. They must be on hand to provide amusement, and so . . . the parson's wife remains on her pedestal in Funland in the time-honoured society of the mother-in-law, the retired colonel, the maiden aunt, and the Aberdonian." Here she is presented, with wit and sympathy, from the seventeenth to the twentieth centuries, and we meet a pageant of personalities like Susannah Wesley, mother of John, who patiently bore her Reverend nineteen children, sometimes quarrelled with him, and was once—the story goes—deserted for a year because she would not acknowledge William of Orange to be lawful king. "Sukey," he is reputed to have said, "if that be the case, you and I must part; for if we have two kings we must have two beds." And off he hied to London. . . . An admirable book for vicarages, and every one who has ever dropped a coin in the plate, or thought the vicar's wife a so-and-so. . . .

THE oil lamps are still with us in Miss Dorothy Margaret Stuart's "Regency Roundabout" (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.), a diverting compilation mainly from contemporary journals and records, with chapters on "Prinny" himself—though not, strangely enough, his Maria Fitzherbert, who gets but one mention—the Female, Church, Seaside, Stage, Minor Verse-maker, Young Person, Commercial, Medico, and Funeral Pomp. Miss 1943, now grimy with essential war work, will smile to read the Rev. J. L. Chirol's opinion that Miss 1811 was considered good for nothing, principally owing to the heads of young ladies' seminaries: "They have grown so careless that, being content with fancying themselves fine ladies and merely issuing orders respecting the domestic concerns, they indulge in the arms of Morpheus till late in the morning; in the sacrifices of Bacchus nearly the whole of the afternoon; and in scribbling wretched poems and doleful love-stories in the evening." The book abounds in amusing lore. (*Continued on page* 60)

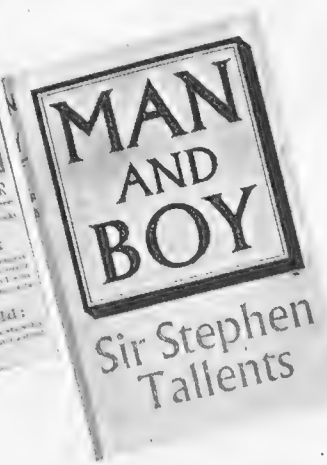
Two Bio-novels

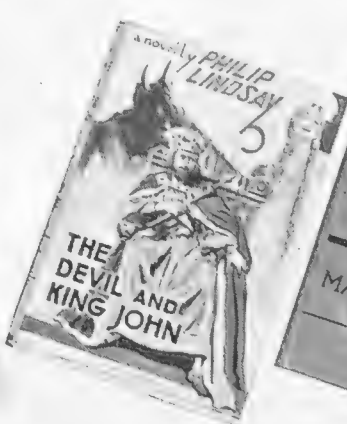
SOME critics say that the lives of celebrated people should not be written in novel form. I cannot see why, provided the dialogue is probable and known facts are not falsified. In any case, dialogue has to be projected for stage, radio, and film, and romantic stories like Chopin's and George Sand's are almost novels already too tempting to resist; where hundreds read a biography, thousands will read a bio-novel.

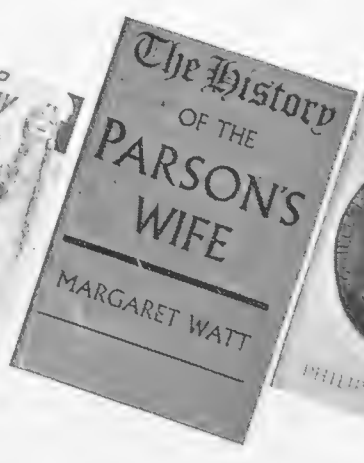
In "**Polonaise**" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.), Miss Doris Leslie has novelised Chopin with dramatic success, in narrative ardent and exciting, in a style unfearful of writing: "And deep within him Chopin felt the stir and heartbeat of conception; the quickened pulse of his spiritual self striking from muted soul-strings the silvery lament of a nocturne . . ." Purists may cavil, but she does convey the emotion of life, love, and art lived at an intense level which may not be true of our own time, but was true of theirs. She exalts the reader, and that is what matters.

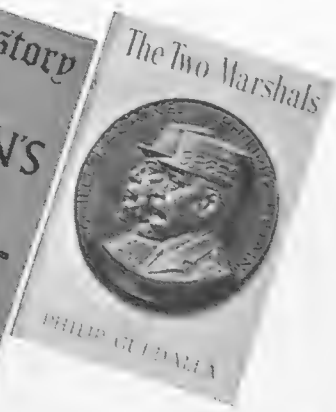
Mr. Philip Lindsay has fictionised the Magna Carta monarch in "**The Devil and King John**" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.), but pleads all the same, that "you can take this book as a serious attempt to interpret history," and "much of the conversation is lifted clean from the chronicles." But the test is: does he excite the reader, make the character *live*? I find that he does, most vividly, revealing John not merely as the tyrant of history, but a man torn by conflicting impulses in a tempestuous age. What a film this would make, in the Fairbanks tradition!

OUT OF THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE
Story of the famous Underground Railroad of the Negro Slaves
BY HENRIETTA BUCKMASTER
Says Richard Wright
Says Louis Bromfield:









England's Watermills

By C. A. Stevenson

WATERMILLS "belong" to the English scene. They are as much a part of the landscape as the ancient cottages and village churches. Built primarily for grinding corn into flour for the people's bread, many of them occupy sites whereon mills have stood for a thousand years. Some are in ruins; others have been reconstructed several times since Norman days; whilst a few have been converted into farms or private residences. During countless generations they were the homes of millers, indissolubly linked with the life of the community. For genuine antiquity and continuity of purpose their only rival is the Church.

However, as time progressed, water-driven mills produced other commodities besides flour, such as cloth, paper, powder, snuff, white lead and linseed oil. In the Sussex weald, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, watermills were operated by gunmakers, who forged cannon for the British Navy. The hammer ponds and fragments of their mills still remain. Before manufacturing cotton, a mill in Cressbrook Dale, on the Derbyshire Wye, distilled peppermint from the wild mint abounding on the hillsides.

But it is the old-fashioned flour mill that is enshrined in the Englishman's heart. These waterside structures, time-honoured and picturesque, recall the days when every peasant held a stake in the soil of his native land. One such watermill, typical of many, lay amongst the hills in central England. Forty years ago, its creaking wheel still turned on occasion, though prosperity had flagged probably never to revive. Hereabouts, Roundhead and Cavalier once clashed in battle, but that is forgotten history: war seemed incredible amid the eternal tranquillity of the millpond, with its fringe of willow and alder. Even the turbulent mill-tail sang a soothing pæan. Everywhere rose the dank, refreshing smell of watermint and other aquatic vegetation. An old-world garden fronted the mill house and, beyond it, was a small orchard which had a flush of blossom in April. At evening, the curfew echoed from a neighbouring village, where ancient customs died hard; whilst the cuckoo reiterated its name through the long spring day; and, when darkness fell, the otter ranged the mill-pool for crimson-dappled trout.

The old mill, lichen-grown and mellow, seemed like a shrine raised, centuries ago, to the goddess Demeter, wherein, on an altar of siliceous stones, some portion of the fruits of harvest was dedicated to man for his daily bread. Scenes of the English harvest in the heyday of the watermill were easily visualised—expanses of breeze-rippled corn ripening under cloudless skies; reapers toiling diligently in noonday heat to pause at sparse intervals to drink beer from oaken harvest bottles; golden stooks on yellow stubble in sunset light; and smocked wagoners leading their heavy loads to the staddles in the

(*Continued on page* 60)

A TYPICAL English watermill. Everywhere rose the dank, refreshing smell of watermint and other aquatic vegetation

THE millstream now left to the angler

IN watermills, poets, novelists and artists have ever found inspiration. Here is a watermill and stream similar to to those made famous by Constable

(Left)
THIS picturesque mill on Shakespeare's Avon at Guy's Cliff, Warwickshire, reposes on the site of one built and worked by the Saxons

Summer Jacket

Palest Pink with Black Braid, in a word, Elegant

MATERIALS

9 oz. Lister's Lavenda 3-ply pink; No. 10 needles; 8 button moulds; 5 yds. black wool braid.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 35 ins.; length, 19 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins.

TENSION

7½ sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 115 sts. Work as follows :

1st row.—* S. 1, k. 4 ; rep. from * to end, ending k. 4. **2nd row.**—P. Repeat these 2 rows until there is an inch worked. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 135 sts. Work straight until side seams are 10 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 99 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of every row 8 times, leaving 35 sts. Cast off.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 65 sts. Work the pattern for 1 in. Now m. 1 st. at left edge of work (right side facing) on every 4th row, and when there are 2 ins. work a buttonhole in straight edge as follows :

Work 4 sts. Cast off 6, work to end.

Next row.—Work up to casting off, turn, cast on 6 sts., turn, work to end. Repeat (Continued on page 62)

ABBREVIATIONS: K. = knit; p. = purl; m. = make; s. = slip; sts. = stitch or stitches; tog. = together; beg. = beginning.

Wavy Stripes

These, with a Raised Rib, make an unusual Sweater

MATERIALS

6 oz. Paton & Baldwin's super fingering 3-ply in blue ; 2 oz. in white ; 4 buttons ; No. 9 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins. ; length, 20 ins. ; sleeve seam, 4 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. and 12 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

With blue wool, cast on 105 sts. Work the following pattern :

1st row.—* K. 1, s. 1 knitwise, k. 1, p. 3 ; rep. from * to end of row, ending k. 1, s. 1, k. 1. **2nd row.**—* P. 1, s. 1 purlwise, p. 1, k. 3 ; rep. from * to end, ending p. 1, s. 1, p. 1. **3rd row.**—As 1st. **4th row.**—* P. 3, k. 3 ; rep. from * to end.

Continue this rib for 24 rows.

Change to white wool and work 2 k. rows. **Next row.**—P. **Next row.**—K. **Next row.**—P. **Next row.**—K.

Change to blue wool and work as follows :

31st row.—* P. 3, k. 1, s. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * to end. **32nd row.**—* K. 3, p. 1, s. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to end. **33rd row.**—As 31st. **34th row.**—* K. 3, p. 3 ; rep. from * to end. Continue this rib for 24 rows. Now work a white stripe as before. These 60 rows form the pattern.

Repeat them and at the same time m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row (still keeping pattern and working the extra st. in rib) until there are 135 sts. Work straight until side seams are 14 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 105 sts. again. Work on until armholes are about 4 ins. round (Continued on page 62)

A Keyed Wardrobe In

The pink voile blouse with the pinafore frock; (below) with an evening skirt

The two-piece woollen with the jigger coat

Top of the two-piece with slacks and suit

Interchangeability is a theme which has ever been plugged on these pages. In the halcyon days, it stood for the planned, informed way of dressing, and its addicts usually presented better fronts to the world than the wardrobe clutterers who bought capriciously and at random.

Now, with fewer coupons, with our country exhorting us not to buy new unless we positively must, every item we own must be co-ordinated to everything else.

The clothes drawn above, some new, some vintage and reconditioned, illustrate, with the small sketches flanking them, the range and versatility of a keyed, co-operative wardrobe. Each garment is part of a well-designed whole, has its own individual character, yet merges harmoniously with the entire repertoire.

The spotted dress is a blouse and skirt in

Pink, Grey, Wine And Red

Top of the two-piece with the pinafore

The pinafore, for sun bathing

The jigger coat (above) with slacks and sweater; (left) with the printed shirt and skirt of two-piece

pale pink Robia voile, a pretty little affair which its owner wore to her wedding, dressing it up with pink roses at the throat. Now it is a heat-wave dress and, since voile endures for almost ever, no doubt some sentimental granddaughter will be considering its potentialities round about 1983.

Next door is a trim, versatile two-piece in fine grey woollen, elegant on its own and, separated, each piece is friendly with the kind of clothes that most women wear to-day. The bottle green jigger jacket, of course, goes with everything. The pinafore frock was contrived from a worn linen dress, in deep wine, and it would be hard to think of a younger, fresher-looking outfit than this, teamed with the pink voile blouse or the heavy crepe shirt, grey ground printed with pink, green and wine. This was made from the best parts of a pre-war dress.

DRESS:

By Jean Burnup
Editor Women's Department

Meals FOR A

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Stewed rhubarb.
Soused mackerel or herring.

Lunch

Potato and watercress soup.
Sardine salad.

Dinner

Allotment stew.
Individual chocolate blancmange with jam sauce.

POTATO AND WATERCRESS SOUP

Use left-over potato soup from previous day, but to vary it add a bunch of watercress, well cleaned, clipped and stems removed when you reheat.

ALLOTMENT STEW

1 lb. new potatoes; 1 small cauliflower or cabbage; 1 cup each of shelled green peas or broad beans; about 8 spring onions; a few young carrots and turnips; 1 oz. fat; 1 tablespoonful flour; bacon rinds or scraps; salt and pepper.

Scrape root vegetables and leave whole. Separate cauliflower into flowerets, or shred cabbage. Melt fat in stewpan or casserole and fry onion in it (chopped) without browning.

Put in the vegetables with only a little water to prevent burning; season well with plenty of pepper and a little salt; lay the bacon rinds on top and cover. Simmer gently until cooked. Blend the flour with a little water, and thicken.

Instead of bacon rinds, you can use ½ teaspoonful of Marmite dissolved in hot water and added at the end of cooking.

MONDAY

TOMATO SPAGHETTI

½ lb. spaghetti; 2 oz. fat; about 8 spring onions; ¾ lb. to 1 lb. tomatoes; 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley; 3 oz. cheese (optional); salt and pepper.

Have a large saucepan full of fast-boiling salted water and cook spaghetti in it (about fifteen minutes). Drain well.

Meanwhile make tomato sauce. Heat fat in pan and add the onions, chopped. When melted but not brown, put in tomatoes (cut up) with salt and pepper. Simmer until soft and rub through a sieve. Reheat and mix with the cooked spaghetti and, if you can spare it from the ration, the grated cheese. Scatter parsley over and serve hot.

BRISKET PIE

This is another Ministry of Food recipe, using the remains of the Sunday joint. If possible, get a kidney or ¼ lb. ox kidney. Parboil and cut in slices. Cut the remainder of the meat into dice. Make a thick gravy. Fill a pie dish with meat, kidney and gravy, putting a pie funnel or eggcup in the centre. Cover with short-crust pastry. Bake in a moderate oven until the crust is golden brown.

Breakfast

Split sausages.
Oatcakes.

Lunch

Tomato spaghetti.
Cold gooseberry tart.

Dinner

Brisket pie. Young carrots, turnips and new potatoes.
Jellied rhubarb.

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Cereal.
Sardine fishcakes.

Lunch

Roast brisket.
Broad beans and new potatoes.
Gooseberry tart.

Dinner

Potato soup.
Asparagus with cheese.
Green salad.

ROAST BRISKET

This is a Ministry of Food recipe for a cheap joint cooked in a piquant way.

The joint; 1 teaspoonful mustard; 1 tablespoonful vinegar; 1 clove of garlic or a little onion flavouring; 2 cloves; a few peppercorns; teaspoonful salt; dripping.

Mix vinegar and seasonings together and rub thoroughly into both sides of meat. Leave in the dish with the mixture for twelve hours, turning occasionally. Put joint in baking tin. Pour any surplus over, spread the meat with dripping, and roast in the usual way. Or pot-roast in a tightly-closed pan on top of the stove, cooking very slowly for about two and half hours.

BROAD BEANS

If you can get the herb summer savory, chop it and sprinkle over the cooked beans. Otherwise use chopped parsley.

ASPARAGUS WITH CHEESE

Boil asparagus as usual, drain and arrange on a long dish so that the tips don't overlap. Sprinkle tips with grated cheese, and melt under the grill. If you can spare it, add a little melted margarine when sprinkling cheese over.

TUESDAY

Breakfast Porridge or cereal. Tomato spaghetti on toast with bacon strips.

Lunch Cold brisket pie. Potato salad. Lettuce.

Dinner Grilled salmon cutlets with horseradish sauce. Green peas and new potatoes. Lemon pie.

GRILLED SALMON CUTLETS

If you can't get salmon, cod steaks are quite good grilled, and served with horseradish sauce.

LEMON PIE

Bake pastry case when the oven is in use for brisket pie on Monday. Fill with thick custard flavoured with lemon essence.

SUMMER WEEK

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Scrambled egg with bacon strips.

Lunch

Salmon mayonnaise.
Peas and cucumber.
Sponge sandwich with custard filling.

Dinner

Peapod soup.
Stuffed cabbage.
Potato mashed with onion and parsley.

SCRAMBLED EGG

Reconstitute eggs as usual, add a tablespoonful of milk for each egg, and scramble with margarine. Cut one fried bacon rasher into strips and place a little on top of each portion.

SPONGE SANDWICH

This is baked in the oven at the same time as the brisket pie on Monday.

PEAPOD SOUP

Pods from about 1½ lb. peas; 3 to 4 potatoes; 1 quart stock or water; about 8 spring onions; 1 tablespoonful arrowroot; 1 tablespoonful chopped fresh mint; salt and pepper.

String and wash pods. Chop onions, peel and slice potatoes and put them in a saucepan with the pods and stock. Season well and simmer till soft. Strain. Reheat, and bind with arrowroot. Sprinkle in the mint before serving.

THURSDAY

Breakfast Porridge or cereal. Irish potato cubes with mushrooms.

Lunch Spanish omelet. Plain green salad with chopped chervil and parsley.

Dinner Swedish bully. Spinach. New potatoes. Trifle.

IRISH POTATO CAKES

Made the night before and fried in the morning in a little fat. Surmount each with a fried mushroom.

SWEDISH BULLY

½ lb. each of corned beef; cooked mashed potato and cooked beetroot; 6 chopped spring onions; salt and pepper; fat for frying.

Cut up beef and mash with the onion, potatoes and beetroot. Season. Make into a flat round cake and fry on both sides.

TRIFLE

This is made with the left-over sponge sandwich from Tuesday.

SPANISH OMELET

3 eggs (reconstituted), 4 oz. grated turnip or carrot, 4 oz. sliced tomato; 4 or 5 spring onions (chopped); 1 tablespoonful chopped chervil or parsley; 2 tablespoonfuls water or milk; 2 oz. fat; salt and pepper.

Make fat hot in frying pan, and cook the vegetables until soft, without browning. Beat up the eggs with the liquid, seasoning with salt and pepper. Pour into the pan, stir with a fork and shake the pan to prevent sticking. Slide on to a hot dish without folding; this omelet is served flat. A crisp salad is the best accompaniment.

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Stewed gooseberries. Bacon with fried potato slices.

Lunch

Hors d'œuvre. Spinach pancakes.

Dinner

Stuffed fish in casserole.
Cauliflower, creamed potatoes. Rice mould.

SPINACH PANCAKE

1 lb. spinach (cooked); 1½ lb. potatoes (also cooked); 3 oz. grated cheese; 1 tablespoonful fat; dash of Worcester sauce; salt and pepper.

Make the fat hot in a frying pan, mash the potatoes while still hot (beating in the seasoning and Worcester sauce), shape into a flat cake and put in the pan. Scatter the cheese in a thick layer over the top, and when the bottom of the pancake is nicely browned pop the pan under the grill to toast the cheese. Meanwhile have the spinach well drained and rubbed through a sieve. Add a little top milk or margarine, make very hot and pile on the pancake.

STUFFED FISH IN CASSEROLE

2 whole fish, preferably haddock, of about 1 lb. weight each; ½ lb. mashed potato; 1 tablespoonful each of chopped spring onion, chopped sweet fennel or parsley (fennel if possible, as it adds a delicious and unusual flavour to even the most insipid fish), and chopped bacon scraps; 2 tablespoonfuls fat; salt and pepper.

Beat up the potato, onions, fennel and bacon, seasoning with salt and pepper. Bind with a little milk or potato water. Clean and scrape the fish, split down the front, stuff with the mixture and sew up or tie with string. Put in a casserole with the fat and cook very gently until done. Baste and turn occasionally.

By Harriet Muir

Sausages And So On

Sausage and Walnut Tart

Make potato pastry (4 oz. mashed potato, 8 oz. flour, 2 oz. fat, ½ teaspoonful salt) or plain short crust pastry. Cut into two rounds, and line a sandwich tin with one of them.

For filling, mix ½ lb. sausage meat with ¼ lb. grated raw potato, and 3 spring onions, chopped. Season to taste. Put into the lined tin and on top arrange slices of pickled walnut.

Cover the tart with the rest of the pastry, wetting the edges first. Make slits in the top, brush with milk and bake in a hot oven (about ½ hour). This is good cold as well as hot.

Austrian Salad

Sliced cooked sausages marinaded with chunks of cucumber and gherkin, and chopped spring onion. Mix with shredded raw cabbage that has been dressed with vinegar dressing. Scatter chopped chervil or parsley over.

Stuffed Tomatoes

Scoop out centres of 6 good-sized tomatoes. Mix the pulp thoroughly with 1 cup of sausage meat and a dash of Worcester sauce. Stuff the tomato cases, keeping the mixture on top, and bake in a moderate oven, basting occasionally.

Scrambled Sausage

Cut 4 sausages in slices and fry in a little fat. Pour off most of the fat and add 4 reconstituted eggs beaten up with 4 tablespoonfuls milk, salt and pepper. Scramble eggs and sausage together and serve on toast, surrounded with new potatoes.

Sausage Cakes

Mix 1 lb. sausage meat with 1 cup grated raw carrot, 8 chopped spring onions, a dash of Worcester sauce, a little mustard, and salt and pepper to taste. Shape into flat cakes, roll in oatmeal and fry. Put on top of each a big fried mushroom, as near as possible to its own size.

QUEEN VICTORIA and the Prince Consort with their children
From the Painting by Winterhalter

Seven in Family

It is beginning to dawn on a lot of people on a lot of street corners that the falling birth-rate is developing rapidly from an item of news which crops up in the newspapers sometimes into something with rather ugly consequences for posterity.

Statistics are unemotional things. They fail to convey to the average man and woman the cold fact that unless the people of this country develop a taste for larger families and develop it soon, it will not be long before we, as a nation, will hold one of the back seats in world affairs. But this is the solemn prospect that confronts us, so what are we going to do about it?

Do we really want larger families—apart from the interests of the community? Have we lost interest in family life as it once was, and is it true that men and women are disinclined to make the sacrifices which family life demands?

Almost certainly not. The reason for the decline of the family is to be found in an era of social insecurity, not in any reluctance to assume the responsibilities of family life.

The threat of war, the high cost of education, the struggle for existence which has marked the past few decades, has made it hard for conscientious people to contemplate the anxieties which larger families incur.

Yet a family of children is a happy thing to contemplate.

For the children themselves, growing up with a family of four or five is probably ideal. Most of the inhibitions of the only child are lacking in those who have enjoyed the companionship, the fun, even the rough and tumble of an upbringing with brothers and sisters.

Family life is, in its way, a trial run for life outside in the big world. It presents the problems of life and of human contacts in miniature, as it were, and teaches many of the lessons of loyalty and self-sacrifice which smooth the way for later experiences on a bigger scale in contact with the world at large.

Family ties are not easy to define. They are not always even obvious, but they are strongly rooted and cannot be replaced by any other form of human companionship.

So, if larger families are good for the individual as well as for the community, how are we to ensure the conditions which make them practicable? This, undoubtedly, is up to us. If our hopes of the future after the war are, even in a measure, to be realised, these conditions will exist. A social order which guarantees security from want, freedom from fear and the simple right to support a family of children in dignity must be one of our most ardent aims.

Already we have gone some distance in the right direction by modifying our standards and broadening our philosophy. We are already simpler people than we were; a little less exacting about our standards of living, less hide-bound by conventions of snobbery.

It is not that we require less for our children than we did, but that we are more discriminating about the ways that are essential and those that are merely indulgent.

Some who have kept their families small in the interests of those standards of living which have seemed so indispensable have already begun to reconsider their views.

We are beginning to accept the view that if our children can be born into a world of reasonable safety, where the chances of progress are even partially equalised and where, by their own endeavours, they may achieve a useful and comfortable existence, we have cause to be content. The great epoch of industrial and social development in the history of Great Britain came in the Victorian era when large families were a commonplace and when family life was the bulwark of our social system.

Whether the large families were responsible for the prosperity, or the prosperity for the larger families, is not certain, but if they could do it with their more limited resources, then we can do it again at a time when the future promises to be as good as we have the courage and the energy to make it.

The future is for our children. Our task is to achieve, for them, a community in which advanced educational facilities are available to all who have the ability and the will to use them. The amenities of medical science must be organised to benefit every child, with absolute freedom from the taint of charity.

In war, the soldiers of the nation are its salvation and should be its first responsibility. In peace, the mothers should occupy that role and we cannot afford to lose a moment, even while the war continues, in laying the groundwork of those measures which are to make motherhood a safe and inspiring ideal. A family of five children may seem formidable to people who have learned to raise their eyebrows at any number higher than two, but five or six it will have to be unless the British race is to lose its greatness and never again discover the security and the fulfilment which is inherent in the unity of small groups of people of one flesh.

Louisa Kay

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"TUXEDO"

Long life, good appearance and perfect comfort are the attributes that make DOLCIS the ideal wartime shoes. Exquisite in their simplicity of design, they meet every requirement of a discerning public.

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THERE IS A DOLCIS SHOE STORE IN EVERY LARGE TOWN

Working for Victory in
CHIVERS' ORCHARDS

"Getting in the fruit this summer looks like being a tidy problem. The women of the village and school children will help as usual—so will you land girls. But I hope lots of town folks will volunteer as well. It's important work, this is, for plenty of JAM will be needed through the winter with other things scarce—and I know the lads doing the fighting like a bit of good jam too!" If there are farms or orchards near, do offer *your* help *now*.

Sorry, no more Chivers Jellies until Victory is won but

CHIVERS JAMS & MARMALADE

still available in most districts, are prepared in the heart of the Country at

HISTON *(just outside)* CAMBRIDGE

J381

GOOD NIGHT!

SLEEP WELL!

A glass of Phosferine Tonic Wine before turning in is a sure aid to a good night's rest. Make this comforting, sleep-inducing beverage your nightcap from now on.

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From Wine Merchants, Licensed Chemists and Stores. Large Size 8/6.

One Point Of View About

Keeping House To-day

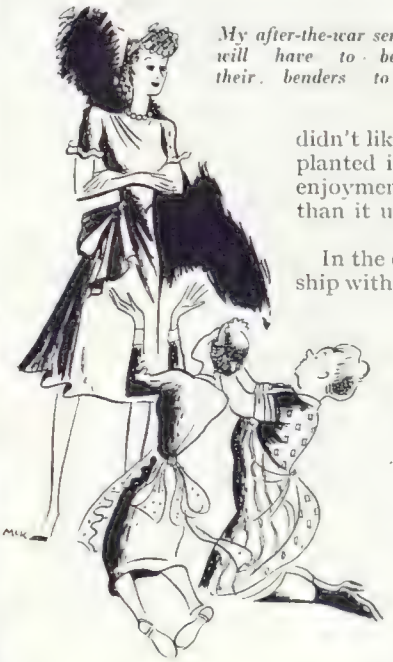
Those one-time feasts of rare dishes

I CAME back to housekeeping after three years and a half in a mood slightly exalted and rather humble.

I looked at my new little house much as you look at a new mount or at the mastiff which somebody gives you to mind. That is, with a look such as to say: "Either I master you quickly or you will master me."

For three years and a half other women have been putting on airs with me. "My dear, you aren't doing any housekeeping. You can't possibly know what it is like now."

I didn't. I gathered, from them, that it was something which demanded a combination of genius and self-sacrifice beyond my powers to assume. It took me three and half weeks to discover that this was not so.



My after-the-war servants will have to be on their benders to me

Before the war housekeeping seemed to me to be one of the things you had to do well, whether you liked it or not. Incidentally, I didn't like it a lot. But after the first rapture of having my feet planted in my own kitchen again had settled down to steady enjoyment, I decided that housekeeping is more interesting than it used to be.

In the old days, you lived in a sort of polite but cold relationship with your house. If you could afford it, you paid somebody else to do as much of the work as possible; you bought wonderful things to eat and drink; you conducted a cold telephone acquaintance with your tradespeople. You pressed buttons and things happened, but what is satisfying about that?

At the start of my new venture I thought that all the old problems had disappeared. I find they haven't. The difference is that there is more urgent need to deal with them and to deal with them yourself, decisively, efficiently.

I always said you had to have a sense of humour around a house. You do more than ever now. Humour tester number one, wartime version, is brushing the stairs—always a hated chore—with a broom that has moulted down to six hairs. I even bought a new broom but that moulted in a week to match the old one, though we still get the stairs brushed, somehow.

The most dramatic discovery I have made is that my late lamented domestic helps were so much less essential than I thought.

I glory now in my unquestioned authority in my own house; in my independence; my freedom from the humiliation of asking for something to be done and pretending to myself that my orders were obeyed. I delight in my new self-reliance, my growing skill. I tell myself, humbly, that this is probably making me a far better employer for some future help, but that that future help has got to be very, very good. My after-the-war servants will be on their benders to *me*.

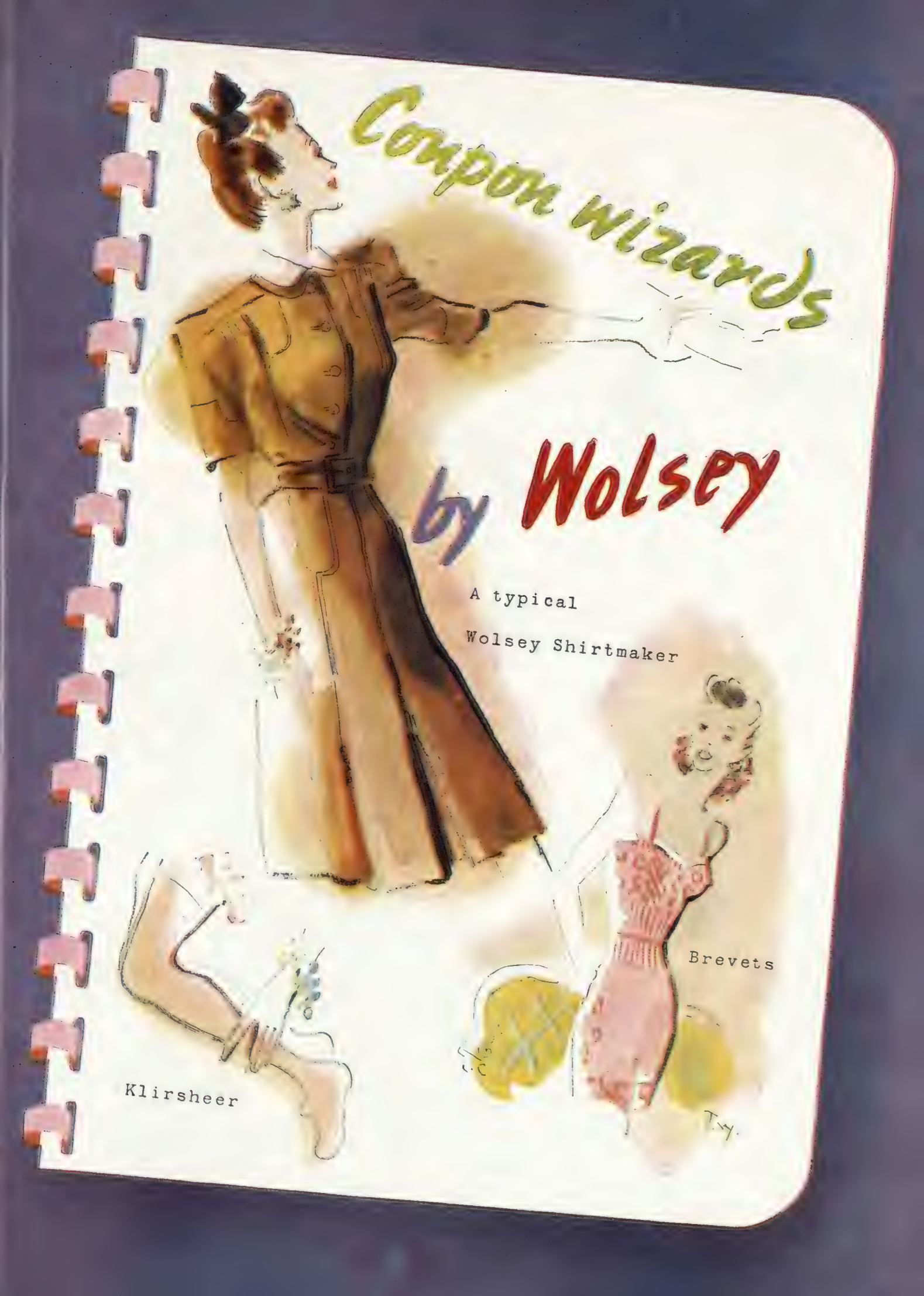
Some women find the difficulties boring. I find them challenging. I enjoy making a meal of vegetables as tasty and as good to contemplate as those old-time feasts of rare dishes.

You can run a home well, in the face of all the shortages, but you have to be skilful. You cannot any longer get by with mistakes and a half interest in your job.

I have to admit that a household which is now one hundred per cent feminine is easier to run. A masculine presence is wonderful, but it does clutter the bathroom. Women who stay with me now tidy their own rooms and never leave that maddening lovable trail of disorder behind them.

Oh, when shall I see it again? **L.W.**

That maddening lovable trail of disorder


Coupon wizards
by Wolsey
A typical
Wolsey Shirtmaker
Brevets
Klirsheer

Alert By

joyce

(CALIFORNIA)

This year may well disclose the turning point in the long lane. How affectionately we remember the little things that have helped to bring us so far— sunshine, music, laughter, flowers . . . . things that go to make up morale. Be ready now for a spirited finish! joyce *has said all there is to say about last laps in this Alert model.*

The Old In Heart

(*Continued from page 32*)

"They're not nice parts for a young girl. Give me another five minutes to get rid of my load—he'll be here any minute." But he talked absently, thinking of other things.

Her hand was on the handle, uneasily, to get out, when they saw the searchlights mount the sky again, clearer now, and they seemed to stir the man into action. He got out, climbed the low wall, through the window into the house and disappeared inside. Marie heard the musical fluttering from within rise and fall; then again she waited, as always, patiently, still, wondering how she might get east through the barriers to the British and American armies in French Morocco.

The man was at her side again, panting.

"Mighty queer. I can see Gibraltar now."

"A battleship, maybe."

"D'you think ships give themselves away like that? I can see Gib, I tell you—I can see the point where the searchlights meet—on the ground. I couldn't before."

She raised her eyebrows.

"You don't take much notice of anything, do you?" he said sharply. "You don't believe I can see Gib, do you? You don't really think this place here is full of new concrete, do you? I brought you a bit to prove it, anyway! There—a souvenir of Ciajos by the sea—put that on the piano top when you get home!"

HE had thrust a lump of something hard into her old, sagging pocket, and she had just got her fingers on its rough edges when a torch was turned on them blindingly from the man's side of the van.

"Who's that!" he shouted. "Get that out!"

They could see nothing. She was paralysed with fear. From behind the torch a man's voice said:—

"Come out."

She got out, while the man protested savagely at her side. She saw something then, held forward beneath the torch to show them—a revolver.

"Get that thing away." There was actual contempt in her companion's order. "Who *are* you?"

"The police."

"What do you want with me?"

"You can both be shot attempting to escape if you wish. Come this way."

Marie recognised the accent, the old familiar accent, and all hope went.

Numbly, she followed her companion, covered by the gun and the torch. The big stranger guided them out of the opening and into the doorway of the house with the glass curtain. As she went, she saw two Berbers or Arabs swiftly unloading the boxes from the van.

She heard the sweet tinkling swell softly as the door was opened to admit them all, and she had to hold the curtain aside, sparkling daintily in the torchlight, to go by. Then a naked electric light was switched on in the building.

For a second she thought she was in church: it was so big and bare, but the smell was too wet, too new. She saw where the walls had obviously been torn from the masonry of the outside walls, and the floor all sunken except for an edge around it about a yard wide.

On this edge she and the van driver were standing, and opposite them, across the deep uneven expanse of wet concrete, the stranger stood surveying them, revolver still pointed. He was a big, heavy man, with a military kind of greatcoat and no hat. He wore glasses.

The Arabs set down the boxes at his feet, and went out again, while another came over and felt her companion's pockets. The girl had instinctively drawn papers from an inside pocket of her own, and now handed them, trembling, to the Arab as he was going past her back to the big man. The big man peered at them carefully.

"All in order, Miss Proctor," he said.

"Thank you—señor."

The man at her side said: "Did you say señor?" He sounded amused. Nobody took any notice.

"And who are you?" asked the stranger; and the man at her side waved some documents to the Arab as he brought back the girl's.

"My name's Stanley Hartford—traveller in dates—the Nion Rinto Company of Marseilles—you've heard of them."

"I've heard of them," said the big man, "but they've never heard of you, Mr. Creegan—or of the dates you have in these very heavy cases here."

"I don't know what you mean!"

"We know what you mean. We scared off an old customer of yours to-night—a Riff chieftain—so the police are on the look-out for you. But I'm glad *I* found you—glad right to the tip of this"—the revolver—"because, believe me, Creegan, I have not forgotten the night in Floraia outside Belgrade, when you sent me a present—you remember?—one of my agents, shot dead by Slav rebels with your rifles."

Creegan answered gently: "It's a small world, Auerbach—or is it General Auerbach by now?"

The glasses gleamed as the big man focused on Marie.

"What are you doing here?"

She was frozen. With difficulty she got words out, strung sentences together as she told the truth. He listened patiently.

"It's unfortunate," he said. "Our caretaker here"—nodding down to the Arab—"tells me you took no part in this wretched adventurer's investigation of the building. But I suppose he told you all about what he found."

Dumb, she nodded.

"On what charge," Creegan asked, "are we being kept here?"

Auerbach said something to the Arab, who went out. Then he answered: "Sacrilege. The government is showing its respect for the religion by building a new mosque here. The high priest will hardly allow unbelievers to escape lightly."

"You're frightening this girl. You don't even see high priests on the movies these days." Creegan nudged the girl, and in her fright she gave way a couple of paces. "I ought to tell you, ma'am: this high priest has a little black moustache——"

"So, Creegan, you are interested in our mosque?"

"I'm interested in any mosque that needs reinforced concrete for its base."

"Base? What a strange word. You mean foundation, surely? So you would be surprised ever to see a mosque here?"

"Not if I was told why a mosque has to have a good view of Gibraltar."

"So it has—a view of Gibraltar?"

"It has. It hadn't. Before I saw your face round here those falling houses had me baffled—though I did have a hunch, mind you."

AGAIN the soft glass music swelled up, and by instinct they all turned to the doorway, though the revolver stayed on Creegan. Another Berber came in, got some instructions in Arabic from the big man, and passed him to reach a large machine which the girl now recognised. An electric motor started up.

Under cover of the clanking and buzzing, the girl stammered aside to Creegan:—

"He's—a German—isn't he?"

Creegan nodded cheerfully.

"Who but Germans would have put electricity into a place like this! Yes—he's either a German—or a high priest himself." He pointed out some long, narrow cases in a far corner by the concrete machine. "And those *may* be religious instruments—suitable for estimating the position of other mosques along this coast—or measuring heights and ranges."

He was making no secret of it now. The German was listening intently. Creegan continued: "The next thing will be getting the steel interior decorations nicely bedded on this concrete. Then what next? Oh, of course—long steel drainpipes—very wide indeed."

Auerbach turned slightly to watch the mixer at work. The concrete was piling up on a sloping platform at the edge of the sunken floor.

"What annoys this renegade," he told the girl, "is that we did not order our big guns from him. But this stuff"—he was toeing the date boxes—"will come in useful to wipe up what is left of Gibraltar in the near future. Grenades, I suppose, Creegan—they look too short to be rifles."

Creegan nudged her suddenly, making her give way again.

"They think they're smart. But they never learn. They forget how many of these guns they fixed up facing another place—and isn't it still there—place called Dover?"

Dover—she forgot where she was, thinking of Dover.

The German remarked slowly: "So this fool talks himself into his grave. The thing is: does he take you with him—to-night—now?"

Another hard nudge: "He's talking to *you*."

"Miss Proctor, as soon as there is enough concrete I am going to shoot. Two people cannot be allowed to ruin such deeply-laid plans. The times are urgent, with the enemy in possession of French Morocco."

"She's no danger to you, Auerbach. She'll never breathe a word of this. Besides this is neutral territory."

"I know we are risking another speech from Mr. Churchill. All I can do is to leave no trace of this behind. You will both vanish. I do not suppose any government will go to war when *you* fail to turn up."

"I look after me." Creegan's eyes, dark with secrets and old troubles, seemed smouldering. "But this kid's done *nothing*."

"I know." Auerbach gave an order to the native at the machine, and the man left it and went out, leaving the three alone. The big man repeated pensively: "I know. I do not wish to have to kill her and leave her with you—down here. But we cannot trust these Moroccan jails to hold her safe."

The girl suddenly spoke.

"Don't worry too much, either of you. I've known—all along—I'd come to this; and I don't feel so bad. Four times I've been as near as this—as a suspected spy." Nothing had shaken Creegan as much as her laugh did now. "You can't expect me to throw a fit every time. Hurry up and get it over, Jerry, will you." But she was panting too hard when she ended.

The German peered across at her.

"My orders are that anybody interfering in these places is to be liquidated at once. But perhaps you could save your life, Miss Proctor. You work for the Assistant Commissioner of Foreign Relations in Tangier, I see; now this man also happens to be a director of some famous copper mines, which are not producing quite as much valuable copper as they might be if we could bring some private pressure to bear—if we knew a little more about this gentleman, perhaps—you see, I am trying to save your life."

"I've not even spied for England. I'd hardly do it for Hitler."

She got a powerful nudge that shifted her a yard.

"Don't be a fool," said the gun-runner savagely. "I got you into this! You've done nothing. You're young and pretty—your life before you. You've no need to die. Go on: take the chance!"

"I'll die sooner or later on this damned coast; but it won't be as a spy."

The strength and decision in her voice made Creegan stare. He sounded curious: "By God," he breathed, "it's six or seven years since I heard talk like that. It is. Does England mean so much to you?"

"Maybe it's not England." Her reply went more to the German across the floor. "But there must be a lot of people that—I used to know—who are fighting all the

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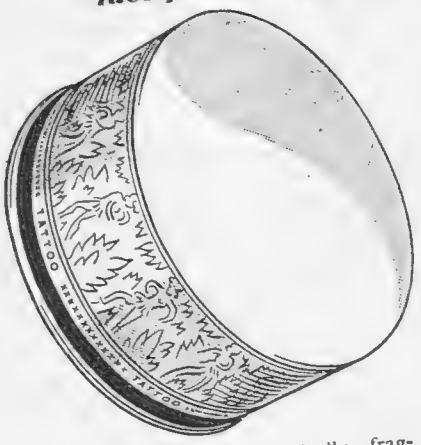

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time. I can't help; but I'm not stabbing them in the back, that's all." Then to Creegan: "This isn't your war, you said. Well, it's a little bit mine, you see."

"We've talked enough," the big man said, reflectively. "The labourers will be coming back to work again very soon—and we must have everything over before then. You will both turn round to face the wall. Miss Proctor, if you wish to live, do not turn round, and we will talk—later."

CREEGAN turned a fraction, facing the girl. She was turning too, her lower lip bleeding. In his face she saw such wonder, such admiration, such tenderness, that even in the infinite horror of that moment she almost cried out. Then he began to push her back, hard, to face the German and save her life.

Marie resisted. There was a little scuffle between them. The enemy shouted something sharply over to them; when suddenly the music of the glass curtain swelled up once more.

Instinctively all three turned to the door—or two of them did. For Creegan's arm had come up with a fierce jerk, something flew through the air, there was a little crack, and the big German gave a cry and crumpled at the knees somehow, then went down slowly sideways and forward until his head was hanging over the edge of the sunken floor.

Marie crumpled slowly, but watched, trembling, speechless, while Creegan ran round the edge. He lifted the German's head—there was blood on it now—felt his heart and let the head drop again. Then he picked something up and brought it over to her—a piece of concrete.

"Good thing you kept it in your pocket after all—keep it safe—it's killed a really bad German."

She gasped: "But there's somebody coming in."

"No there isn't." He looked down, studying this girl; there was still wonderment in his eyes. "No, dear—I wanted him to look away just a second—so I made that glass thing tinkle. That's why I kept pushing you over to the window. There's long strings hanging from that sacking over it—and once we got there and I got hold of your souvenir I pulled the sack down and let the wind in."

She said thickly: "Let's get out."

"No real rush. He told that Arab not to be back for half an hour—reckoned we'd be safe under the concrete by then. Come and give me a hand with these."

The Old In Heart

She pulled herself up and did as he told her—moving the flat date boxes over the edge of the floor, down on to the lumpy damp surface. Creegan shifted the dead German to one side, then began scrabbling away the concrete to make a bed for the boxes.

"Might as well use it," he panted. "It's a dead loss to me but maybe it'll help Gib. You know the way both sides have been bragging about their big bombs—this is some of the stuff they put inside. It was for some friends of mine up in the hills—more of this liberty and independence business."

HE was at the concrete machine now. He fiddled about and finally pulled something that tilted further still the sloping platform; and the grey, chunky mess began moving down on to the floor. There was so much that it soon spread over the boxes of explosive, rose and slowly covered them.

"They'll never know now," he said. "Two things about this stuff—it mustn't be put under pressure and it won't stand a severe shock. So let them pile more concrete on it, then their heavy gun—and let them fire on Gibraltar—it'll only fire once, this gun. Come on now."

"I'll come," she breathed. "But where can I go now?"

There was a strange light in his eyes: "And where can I go?" He bent to take up the German's revolver, then shepherded her out, switching off the lamp and patting the glass curtain affectionately as they came out. So she couldn't see his face as he answered.

"We'll go East. We'll go together; because I owe you this miserable old life of mine, because you were so ready to part with your own—for the sake of a country you might never see again. But you will—now. I know these parts; I'll get you through to the Yanks and British somehow. For myself, I'm not so sure now——" They were in the van, and it was starting; but he was still talking, with long pauses. "Maybe I'm not so old as I was before I met you—and I'm not as neutral as I was—maybe, they'll have a gun to spare for me over this border—a gun of my own, maybe."

She sat hunched up, hardly listening, while the van rumbled out on to the road, and not far away over the sea the searchlights moved strongly through the dark sky, waving them on.

END

A Day By The Sea (*Continued from page 29*)

elongated in shape partly explains the mystery of why it does not roll away more easily.

Cormorants and shags are also gregarious, but their idea of the perfect home is a large accumulation of seaweed and aquatic vegetation. There is no architectural merit, however, in the masses of herbage which the birds gather and on a warm summer's day there are many places more pleasant than their nesting quarters.

The gulls, too, nest in colonies and none are more interesting to watch than the dainty little kittiwakes, with their delicate grey mantles. They love a social life and nest in hundreds on the ledges of the cliffs where their bulky nests of seaweed and herbage are often placed in such precarious positions that it is amazing how the eggs and young withstand the fierce gales that sometimes beat upon them. Kittiwakes are the best behaved of all the gull family and will live and breed peacefully together even though their nests are touching each other. The chicks, too, are very agreeable and can always be recognised by the dark collar round their necks. To see a mother kittiwake sit on her nest and fondle her chicks is to observe the very personification of motherly pride and devotion.

The most dainty and charming of all sea birds are the little terns. Their family affairs are characterised by extreme simplicity and the only home they can boast of is a mere scrape in the sand or shingle where the two or three (seldom four) eggs are laid. Yet, even though fully exposed, the eggs so closely resemble pebbles that on a shingly shore they are not easily located. The male bird of this species, with his black-tipped yellow beak and orange legs, is the perfect husband, and one of my loveliest memories of sea birds is that of a male little tern returning to his sitting mate with a silvery, shining eel in his beak. After all, true love must find some outward form of expression, and to watch this gallant gentleman toddle forth to his wife, holding his long pointed wings aloft, and offer her the dainty titbit was a sight not easily surpassed for dignity and elegance.

Also on the bare shingle are the eggs of the oyster catcher, a bird that is easily recognised by its long orange-red bill, red feet and black and white plumage; here too, the ringed plovers conduct their domestic activities. These little birds seldom voluntarily leave their nest. It would be as much as their eggs are worth to leave them uncovered for even a brief while. Not only the robber gulls, but the sable-coated ravens are ever on the lookout for a tasty meal.

END

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To give yourself a spot of confidence try standing around with one hand in a hip pocket, just like a man. And make it a "ZWOW" . . . the pocket placket that doesn't gape and has no buttons or other fasteners to spoil the symmetry of your hip line. GOR-RAY Skirts have this new fashion feature.

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Scientific

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ONE REASON why Horlicks is scarce is that it is included in emergency rations supplied to sailors and airmen, who may have to live for many days without normal supplies of food.

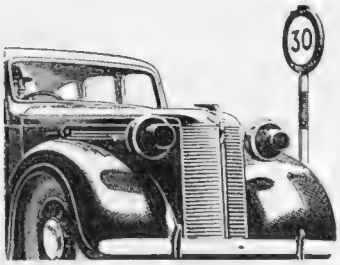
Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

FROM AUSTINS TO AUSTIN OWNERS

Ration yourself to 30 M.P.H. and DOUBLE THE LIFE OF YOUR TYRES



Do you know that at 30 m.p.h. your tyres last twice as long as at 50 m.p.h.? In your own, and in the Country's interests, it pays to keep 'within the limit' even on the open road. If your work takes you over bad roads, reduce your speed still further. Running a tyre on a rough surface at the same speed as on a smooth one doubles the rate of wear. Uneven surfaces cause wheel spin and needless friction, while pot-holes taken at speed can easily fracture casings.

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After the sweet sorrow of parting from her soldier lover, the young lady of the early 19th century would swoon ostentatiously and mamma would fussily revive her with Atkinsons Eau de Cologne. Today, the girl who loves a soldier gets up to see the leave train off at dawn, and, although parting may still be a 3-handkerchief affair, she doesn't weep until she's alone. She is glad then if she has saved a little Atkinsons for just such an emergency, for Atkinsons is soothing in moments of desolation. . . . Raw materials for making Eau de Cologne are scarce in war time, so be glad when you can get Atkinsons; please be patient when you can't.

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You can stop these distressing attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They remove the cause of digestive upset at once. Whatever you eat—your food remains sweet and digestible. The stomach functions naturally, without any painful after-effects. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets to-day.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' BRAND TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

The Next Time I See Paris

(*Continued from page 20*)

"And what I liked," José went on, ignoring us completely, "is doing my own shopping, running down into Rue Marcadet and buying from the pushcarts. Why, they were my *friends*. I knew their family stories. I suppose," she grinned, "that a passing stranger would have thought we were having the very devil of a row, very often. 'Sixty sous for that cauliflower,' I would say: 'I wouldn't have it as a gift.' Then *la mère* Marie would pretend to be insulted, and I would say: '*Ah, mon alors,*' and in the end I would pay fifty-five sous and get a darned good cauliflower."

"The autumn," said Redbeard, in a far-away voice, "the mystical mist along the boulevards, just as twilight mingled with the dusk. When the lights are half-veiled, and there is the smell of burning peat in the air. Ah, I can smell it now; the aroma of Paris in the autumn. People are coming back from the races at Auteuil, and the newsboys are shouting: 'Paris-Sport; Paris-Sport.' The offices are emptying and there is a crowd at the entrance to the Opera Métro. You strolled into a café and there was warmth and light and a feeling of well-being. The *garçon*, with his flopping white apron, nods you a *bon soir* and you order your drink and you open your *Paris-Soir* and you feel the damp printer's ink on your fingers. Ah, Paris!"

"Yeah," nodded the insurance man, "the autumn's all right, I suppose. Darned good time of year for eating, that's a fact. Those little *Belon* oysters, or for the matter of that, those *Portugaise claires* aren't at all bad." Our realist seemed to be going into a trance. "Gosh," he whispered to himself, "if the next time I see Paris it happens to be in the autumn, I'll go to Pierre's and I'll say: 'Pierre, I'll just have half a dozen *claires* and a *purée* St. Germain, and then a *perdreau.*' You know," he turned to us, ecstatically, "a partridge on a *canapé*, a slice of toast thickly smeared with *pâté de foie gras*. After that," he sighed, "just a morsel of ripe camembert."

I THOUGHT it time I raised the conversation to a more spiritual level. "The next time I see Paris," I said, "I want it to be spring. Spring will wipe away the bitter years the Germans have eaten."

"Talking of eating," interrupted the insurance man, "I——"

"We are *not* talking of eating," I continued firmly, "we are talking of Paris in the spring. I want to see the chestnut trees in bud again; I want to see the fleecy white clouds, like giantesses' powder puffs, hanging in the pale blue sky. I want to see Mademoiselle Printemps flaunting her green skirts in the Bois. I want to see the lovers strolling, for is there any such city in the whole wide world for lovers?"

"I must confess," said the insurance man sententiously, "there is a lot to be said for Paris in the spring. If the next time I see Paris it happens to be in the springtime, I shall go to Pierre's and I'll say: 'Pierre, I'll have some of your *agneau*, with a few peas and new potatoes, and some fruit salad to follow.' You know," he explained to us, "Pierre's fruit salads are made with *real* fruit, and——"

"If it's autumn," said Redbeard, "I shall go flaneuring again along the *quais*. I invented the word flaneuring; I'm a born *flaneur*. All the years I've spent in Paris, I've flanned. The Germans call it bummelling, such a very German word, it doesn't fit Paris at all. That's probably what they're doing this very minute in Paris; just going from bar to bar and back again; drinking *our* wine, the swine."

"You know," broke in José, "I won't mind if it's summer. We haven't talked about summer in Paris, have we? You remember how *intimate* Paris feels in the summertime. All the little shops closed and notices tacked on the shutters: Reopen in September. Do you remember the smell of the hot asphalt? The open taxi cabs slowly crawling along. Your poor chestnut trees, turning to me, all dried up——"

"But in the autumn," insisted Redbeard, "the leaves will be turning russet and gold, and all Paris has a sort of inward glow; don't you recall it? The Parisians are coming back to their city. The schools are reopening in October and there is a sort of home coming feeling everywhere. We think of the fun we are going to have; the new play at the Odéon; old friends greet one another, happily and familiarly."

"Then comes the winter," said the insurance man, with the air of one making a great discovery and I feared he was going to give us another menu, but I was wrong. "Paris in the winter," he explained, "that's the time for me."

"YES," interrupted José maliciously, "you take a brisk walk."

"Not at all," answered the insurance man, "or rather, yes, you do, but think of what you see while you are walking about Paris in the winter. Remember the brightly lit shops in the late afternoons; the jewellers' shops all scintillating; the cosy-looking furs; the antique shops in the Faubourg St. Honoré. You don't seem to be conscious of them anytime, but in the winter."

"But Paris is essentially an out-of-doors city," I expostulated. "Nobody uses their streets as much as the Parisians."

"In the autumn," said Redbeard, "you see the streets at their very best."

"Not a bit of it," insisted the insurance man, "the streets are at their gayest in the winter. Don't you remember those little booths along the boulevards; the smell of the acetylene lights? Paris around Christmas time, give me that. The *tombolas* with their prizes of gingerbread pigs and bags of sweets; the bustle and the noise of it all. The fair on the exterior boulevards; the swings and the round-abouts. The boxing booths and the strong men, and the ghastly waxwork shows."

"In the autumn," came back Redbeard, "you don't get all that noise you're bragging about. There is a calmness and a dignity about Paris then. Give me the left bank in the autumn, the Clos de Lilac; the Deux Magots. That is *my* Paris."

"In the spring," I riposted, "Paris has all the dignity, plus all the beauty too. To me, Paris in the spring means an eternal renewal of youth. I was young in Paris, once; I grew up there. Paris is more than my spiritual home. Paris is a part of *me*. If Paris perished, I would perish, too. If I forget thee, oh Paris, may my right arm wither. I have been very poor in Paris. Like the young men in the best magazine stories, I have hungered in a garret, but I would do it all over again, and that is no lie, so long as it *is* Paris. When I think of the Germans goose-stepping down the Champs Elysées, my fists clench, as no doubt yours do, too. The gangsters in uniform, defiling the Queen of Cities, but liberation is on the way. You, Redbeard, old man, you will go flaneuring again along the *quais*, don't you fret, and you, you old cynic of an insurance man, I'll buy you the best dinner Pierre can produce. And you, José, you will bargain for your cauliflowers, go with me to the races and take up the threads of your life again, don't you worry. But, *quant à moi*, before I die, I want to see Paris in the spring; I want to wander in the flower market behind the Madeleine; I want to see Paris in the dawn. I want—I want Paris."

We fell into a silence. We dared not look at José. She was softly crying.

"Well," I said, "here's to the next time; the next time we see Paris." But José, woman-like, wanted the last word.

"We've talked of Paris in the spring, the summer, the autumn and the winter, but I guess what we mean is: Paris! *Toujours Paris!*"

END

This endurance

Overhead, enemy engines lurk panting in the sky. The attack has been long—but the ambulance moves ahead; in the hands of a brave girl.

We can't all be ambulance drivers. But we *can* display, in whatever our daily job, this spirit of undaunted endurance.

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Venereal VD Diseases

This is an extract from one of the many letters received by the Central Council for Health Education. Permission has been given by the writer to use this extract.

"I was too frightened"

I am now 24, I do not excuse myself, but when I was 19 . . . and I contracted gonorrhœa. I was one of a very respected family in a small town and I was too frightened to see the doctor and in the end I thought the condition had cleared up . . .

Recently I got married and I should never forgive myself if I infected my wife. Also I appreciate that I might even be sterile, but I want to know if any children we had would be affected. Do you advise further treatment? . . . I cannot describe how much this has worried me. I must put my mind at rest.

The Doctor replies:

" You are right to ask these questions because the worry can be almost as harmful as the disease itself. You were very young when you felt that sense of shame which prevented you from going to a doctor. That was of course a great mistake. If you had gone at once you would have saved yourself all this worry. You must now go to a clinic, at the address I will give you, and make certain. Tell the Doctor at the clinic everything and he will advise you. He will also tell you what to do to avoid risk to your wife and any children you may have."

Further extracts from the Doctor's correspondence will be published later.

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT ARE AVAILABLE at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the local Health Department or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. All replies are sent in plain envelopes.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.
(VD.5-30)

Nature's Airmen

(*Continued from page 15*)

aerial "flip-flops" every now and again during routine flights.

Several birds provide instances of avian dive bombing. Gannets plummet down to the sea like an arrow and spear fish with their beaks. The peregrine falcon comes down in a tearing dive to knock the life out of its prey with its armoured feet. But perhaps the best illustration of dive bombing in Nature is provided by that amazing pigeon known by the intriguing name of the "Oriental sharp-shooter."

Pigeon fanciers keep this bird in a loft with a very large opening and in a place free from obstacles. Both these precautions are necessary in view of the thunderbolt-like tactics of the pigeon. When the fancier enters the loft he flips one of the sharp-shooters and it immediately climbs, or as the experts say, "towers," to an immense height. When it is but a mere dot in the heavens the fancier signals by waving a large cloth or similar object.

On receiving this signal the pigeon folds its wings and falls headlong to earth. The bird soon reaches maximum velocity, and its tremendous stoop [*sic*] or dive causes a shrill screaming sound like the high-pitched whine of a shell screaming through the air. This sound, of course, provides yet another parallel to the dive bomber which adds to the terror of its attack by artificially-produced noises.

The famous aerobatic stunt known as the "Immelmann turn" is occasionally used by birds. A correspondent once wrote to me that he was in a country lane when he saw a sparrow-hawk perform one of these "turns." It happened like this:—

A sparrow-hawk was pursuing at full speed a small bird which was already crying out in the black minute before capture. But the little bird managed to escape in the nick of time by diving under a huge wall of telegraph wires and found sanctuary in some shrub. But the hawk, with no eyes for anything save its prospective victim, suddenly found itself hurtling into the wires which, at the speed the bird was travelling, would have cut it to pieces if it dashed into them.

To save itself, the sparrow-hawk shot straight up into the air like a rocket, turned into a half-loop, rolled over at the top of the turn and flew back the way it had come—thus performing a perfect "Immelmann turn."

During a lecture tour I made of some R.A.F. stations I mentioned some of these parallels between aeroplanes and bird flight. After one lecture a squadron leader came up to me and told me of something he had noticed while he had been stationed at a famous training station. He said he had noticed that some of the birds in the vicinity of the aerodrome had flying stunts all their own and he wondered if they had been trying to copy some of the weird gyrations gone through by some of the pilots in training. When I politely suggested that I was having my leg pulled the officer maintained that he was quite serious.

Some years ago members of the R.A.F. were asked to report any interesting data concerning the flight of birds which they might obtain as a result of their flights. Some interesting results were obtained although not all the pilots took the request seriously. One pilot turned in a report that he had met a flock of forty cock ostriches cruising at 17,000 feet.

But not all the pilots took the suggestion so facetiously. Among the more serious-minded, incidentally, was one C. Portal who is to-day Sir Charles Portal, head of the R.A.F. Sir Charles is a keen falconer and has contributed a number of interesting observations on the speed of birds to ornithological literature.

Here are a few of the figures which have been obtained by aeroplane timing on the speed of birds. A lapwing was reported to have kept up a speed of 60 m.p.h. for several miles; when a teal was chased it clocked nearly 70; another duck when chased did 72; a golden eagle 90, but it can certainly travel at over 100 although at this speed it is probably being helped by gravity and the wind; a large swift circled an aeroplane which was travelling at 85, and a large vulture, when chased by a plane, went into a nose dive during which it clocked up 110 m.p.h.

But the most surprising record I have come across occurred when the pilot of a small pursuit plane was putting in some practice diving by "attacking" a formation of ducks. As he was going down he happened to glance at one of his wing tips and was surprised to see a peregrine falcon shooting past him. His air speedometer was then registering 175 m.p.h. and the pilot estimated that the bird was travelling nearly twice as fast as the plane. Perhaps the falcon thought the pilot had designs on the ducks and determined to get there first. At any rate, it is safe to say that a peregrine falcon when dive bombing its prey can clock up 200 or more m.p.h.

Wonderful as is the air mastery of birds even they must yield the palm for speed of manœuvre to the most expert flying insects. There used to be a wonderfully ingenious scientist at the Collège de France in Paris named Magnan, who conducted many experiments on natural flight.

Here is a translation from one report Magnan made:—

> "With the hover-fly one sees the creature perform on the spot real turns in full flight, so well that at a given moment the insect is found with its feet in the air, its back underneath. In the same way, I have observed in the natural flight of a fly, the performance of a veritable somersault such as aeroplanes do not make. . . . It is worth noting that the changes are often sudden and happen in a very short time, somewhere about one-thousandth of a second, the somersault, for example, taking place in one-hundredth of a second."

A loop in one-hundredth of a second!

An insect does not merely flap its wings up and down; they go through a movement which, in its effect, is akin to an airscrew. By experiments it has been found that some insects' wings draw air not only from in front but also from above, from the sides and from below.

From the shape of an insect's wings it is possible to gauge whether it is a fast or a slow flyer. Swift-flying insects have narrow wings, with good aspect ratios and when in flight turn the surfaces nearly vertical with each stroke. Slow-flying insects have broad wings and keep the surfaces almost horizontal.

Timing the speed of insects is very difficult. The German investigator, Demoll, used to set various insects at liberty in a room lighted by one window and then he recorded the time in which they flew direct from the dark side of the room to the light.

A much more complicated method was used by Magnan. He actually constructed a Heath Robinsonish apparatus whereby insects were harnessed by very thin silk cords to a delicate machine which recorded how much cord was taken out by the flying insect and the time taken. A simple calculation then gave the speed at which the insect had travelled.

A few of the speeds obtained by Magnan and other investigators follow. They may be of interest in view of the surprising figures which are sometimes given for the speed of insects. One American fly was reputed to have travelled at 800 m.p.h. while a man once told me he thought wasps could clock 500 m.p.h.

A mayfly flips along at a trifle over 1 m.p.h.; a housefly does 5; a bluebottle 6; the red admiral butterfly can travel at nearly 9; the wasp can do 12; and a hornet a mile or so faster. One of the fastest of all insects is the bee, some species of which can travel at 25 m.p.h. The hawk-moth has been known to overtake fast warships and its speed is certainly in excess of 30 m.p.h. The fastest insect in the world appears to be the dragonfly. A man timed one in Australia to do nearly a mile a minute—and there aren't many birds that can travel at that speed!

END

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the eyes have "IT"

HEAVY-LIDDED eyes, with stiffly mascara'd eyelashes, look silly and out of place these days, but that doesn't mean that we needn't take any more trouble with our eyes. In fact, blacked-out streets, nights spent on duty, badly lit trains and so on mean that eyes need more care than ever to keep them bright as twinkling stars.

First-aid for tired eyes is an eye-bath—or, rather, *two* eye-baths, one for each eye; buy different colours, and don't mix them or you may infect one eye from the other. Fill with your favourite eye lotion, or make one of your own with 1 teaspoonful of sodium bi-carbonate added to water previously boiled for 3 minutes. Cotton-wool pads soaked in eye lotion and left on closed eyelids for 10 minutes are fine too.

If you get anything in your eye, and there isn't a doctor around, wash out the eye with warm water in an undine (a gadget you can buy from any chemist). Don't use an eye-bath or you'll transfer the dirt from one spot to another. The chemist who sells the undine will tell you how to use it; if he hasn't one in stock, a nasal douche works exactly the same way (cost about 7½d).

Puffy eyelids are often due to sleeping in stuffy rooms, so you know what to do about this. Yellow-tinged whites usually mean liver trouble, so a regular dose of liver salts is indicated. Massage away tired lines with nourishing cream; look up to the ceiling and massage gently under the eyes in little circles.

Finally, before an occasion on which you want to look specially "prettied-up," try to get 15 minutes rest in a darkened room; then if you use the Icilma Beauty Aids we've been urging you to save for special occasions you'll be an enchanting decoration to any party or dinner for two.

★**Cut this out and keep it**—*This and other talks to follow come to you with the good wishes of the makers of Icilma Beauty Products — Vanishing Cream, Cold Cream, Face Powder, Flesh-tinted Cream, and Shampoos.*

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Whenever there's cause for congratulation there's reason to remember Votrix—the British Vermouth produced with juice of Empire grapes. White wine and aromatic herbs are the base of every good Vermouth whatever its origin. Votrix has something more. Genius in the blending has given it a quality comparable with that of any vermouth that ever came from the Continent.

Votrix, produced at the Vine Products Vintnery in Surrey, may often be difficult to get owing to wartime restrictions, but it is still available. To meet increased duties imposed by the Budget, the prices are now: Votrix "Dry," bottle size 7/6; Votrix "Sweet," bottle size 7/-.

PEACE-TIME

'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food and 'Genasprin' must now give place to more urgent needs. Some of the essential raw materials which go to their making have been diverted to help the war effort, so that only limited quantities of the two products are available in the shops.

The 'Genatosan' Laboratories are now devoted to the production of vitally needed Fine Chemicals and Medicinal Products for which there is a new and increasing war need.

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Cephos REG'D

Pronounced See-foss

THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

STOP THAT COLD WITH

VAPEX

A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY

Books

(*Continued from page 41*)

I IMAGINE that American Erick Berry and her English husband, Herbert Best, had oil lamps at "Concertina Farm" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), because it was a derelict place with a primitive log-house on a ledge of the Adirondacks. "Why should we, of all people, acquire a farm?" Mr. Best asked himself. "Already we owned a hundred and twenty-five acres, besides the lease of an apartment in New York. We'd patched and repaired a score of houses in Africa; we'd just emerged from a six-years' struggle with the Stone Mill house in England; we'd warred on the greenfly in one continent, the Japanese beetle in another, and the termite in a third." But acquire it they did, in a back-to-nature drive; also Esmeralda the goat and Susan the cow, who was always poking her nose into their private business. How gracefully he writes of the venture, how wittily she depicts it in line drawings, those who read their Nigerian "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" will know.

Oil lamps burned in the darkies' cabins when, in the past century, negro slaves built that emancipation movement called the "Underground Railroad." In "Out of the House of Bondage" (Gollancz, 15s.) Miss Henrietta Buckmaster tells the whole documented story of the fight against slavery, with its sabotage, arson, murder, mutilation, and martyrdom. She agrees with Harriet Martineau that the romance of the United States did not lie with the Indians or the frontiersmen, but with the fugitive slaves. I call this a great book because it is written, with heart and passion, on one of the most stirring themes in history.

A SOLDIER of the oil-lamp days was Marshal Bazaine, who commanded the Third Army Corps in the Franco-Prussian War. Mr. Philip Guedalla—"The Two Marshals" (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d.)—has coupled his biography with Pétain's because "one of them surrendered Metz in 1870 and was sentenced to death, while the other surrendered France in 1940 and was sentenced to become its ruler . . . their two careers follow the whole curve of French military power from the height of the First Empire to the depth of Vichy, and the two life stories unite to form one unbroken picture of the French Army for a hundred years." Mr. Guedalla's admirers will expect sensitive, scholarly writing with vivid background, notably in Bazaine's Algiers and Mexico phases—and not be disappointed.

MY press work between the wars took me to the pilots' room at Croydon and other airports, including the Romford airfield of that resourceful Edward H. Hillman, who changed a bus undertaking into an air one, ran services to coast resorts, then to Paris at cut rates, and called every one "mate." I, therefore, found special interest in Capt. John Lock's "The Log of a Merchant Airman" (Stanley Paul, 15s.), written down by Mr. John Creasey, for he flew for Hillman's after the R.A.F., and as an Imperial Airways ace made many great flights on the Empire routes, to sign-off at last in a flying-boat crash at Lisbon. His story, graphically told, spans civil aviation from pioneering days to this war, and reveals a likeable personality.

NOVELISTS rarely disclose the origin of their stories, but Miss Margaret Trouncer is explicit about "The Smiling Madonna" (Cassell, 8s. 6d.). It was a modern crucifixion picture she saw in Paris; and a few days later she met a young and lovely woman in black leaving the Benedictine chapel in the Rue Madame, was impressed by the likeness, discovered that she had been the model for the Madonna, and the Polish painter's wife, and heard from a nun the devout, Dantesque story of their love and the tragedy that overtook her. That story of "Christian Love, Art and Contemplation" is the book's theme—tender, spiritual, deeply moving, written with a clear sincerity.

END

England's Watermills

(*Continued from page 42*)

rick-yards. After harvest home and the threshing, rumbling wains with sacks of corn and cottagers with their gleanings arrived at the mill door.

This is the endless story of man's struggle with the earth for the right to live. It is a story as old as the earth itself and as illimitable as the sky. Before one chapter terminates with fulfilment at the mill a new one has begun—once again the ploughshare has riven the rich, brown earth. To-day, however, a different type of mill appears in the story. But the old kind still watches over the everlasting struggle. In various degrees of ruin or preservation, these surviving watermills have emerged from the age of the sickle and scythe, through various transitions, into a mechanised era of tractor and combine. Now motor lorries, laden with grain, speed along the highways to the monopoly mills in the towns, leaving the stream in the valley, with its idle waterwheel, to the angler and the heron.

IN watermills poets, novelists, artists and photographers have ever found inspiration. Young Alfred Tennyson, who later was Poet Laureate, repeatedly visited the old mill at Somersby, near his father's rectory on the Lincolnshire wolds, though evidently the waterwheel was not the only attraction, as his poem "The Miller's Daughter" ultimately proved. The Abbey Old Mill, at Tewkesbury, that worked uninterruptedly for the greater part of a thousand years, figured as "Abel Fletcher's Mill" in Mrs. Craik's novel, *John Halifax, Gentleman*, whilst a mill on a tributary of the Trent, below Gainsborough, provided the "atmosphere" for George Eliot's story, *The Mill on the Floss*.

Constable painted Flatford Mill in Suffolk, thereby augmenting fame for himself and the mill, also. Huntingdonshire, too, a county rich in picturesque mills, has long been beloved by artists, but, unfortunately, the fine old structure at Godmanchester has now been demolished. Near St. Ives, ancient timbered watermills still exist at Houghton and Hemingford Grey, the former being particularly beautiful. W. Dendy Sadler, the well-known artist, lived at Hemingford, painting much of the local landscape. "Thursday," one of his most popular pictures, portraying monks angling in the Ouse, reminds us that these religious devotees built numerous watermills, where corn grown on the abbey lands, or received as tithes, was duly ground.

SOME watermills display unique features; with others interesting incidents and legends are associated. A few medieval mills had bakehouses incorporated under the same roof; and in Norfolk, one or two watermills have windmills attached. Timber from the American frigate *Chesapeake*, captured by the British ship *Shannon* in a naval battle during the American War of 1812, was embodied in a mill at Wickham, Hampshire, whilst masts from wrecked vessels have provided shafts for several mills.

With the introduction of the turbine, thousands of mills ceased work and were dismantled. Although some had steel rollers installed, comparatively little wheat has been ground for breadmaking for many years until the present war. Now, in the hour of England's need, her surviving watermills have responded valiantly. Disused mills have yielded valuable salvage; whilst many waterwheels are busily turning, producing, between Derbyshire or Hereford stones, balanced rations for farm livestock. Other water-driven mills, too, are doing work equally important to the war effort, thus carrying on the history, if not the tradition, of the first watermills.

END

A Tomorrow will dawn when imagination can have free rein again — when colour and loveliness can be added to craftsmanship and quality, to express the exhilaration of peace-time days. That is the glory to come. TODAY — we are making WAUKEEZI ORIGINALS with all the charm and style war-time restrictions permit, still finely made, good-looking shoes. They are obtainable in strictly limited quantities, from DOLCIS, LILLEY & SKINNER, MANFIELD, SAXONE and other high-grade shoe shops.

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A name you would like to see more often these days . . .

A name that has always meant the individual and scientific care of your skin.

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Cockroaches: a menace to food supplies

THE enormous amount of damage to food stocks caused by insect pests, coupled with the loss of prestige and goodwill when infested goods are supplied, is today a matter of vital importance to all engaged with the storage and distribution of food.

Cockroaches (or to give them their scientific name, *Blatta Orientalis*) are among the most troublesome of insect pests. They are omnivorous and spoil much more than they consume.

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The Pest-control Service operated by Chelsea Insecticides, Ltd., has made a special study of the problem of the cockroach, and also effectively deals with infestations of steam-flies, beetles, and crickets.

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was a symbol of good fortune in Ancient Egypt and to this day it is considered lucky to own a black cat.

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St. Martin Preserving Co., Ltd.
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Summer Jacket

(*Continued from page* 43)

buttonhole every 2 ins. and continue increasing until there are 75 sts. Work straight until side seams are 10 ins. K. 2 tog. at shaped edge on every row until there are 57 sts. Work straight until armhole is 5½ ins. round curve. Cast off 10 sts. at neck. K. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 32 sts. Work a few rows to make armholes 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 8 sts. at outside edge on every other row 4 times.

THE LEFT FRONT

Work as right, but with shaping at right side instead of left, and no buttonholes.

THE SLEEVES

Cast on 55 sts. Work the pattern for 3 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 85 sts. Work straight until side seams are 18 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 35 sts. Cast off.

THE BELT

Cast on 25 sts. Work the pattern for 28 ins. Now work 2 buttonholes as follows: K. 3, cast off 6, k. 7, cast off 6, k. 3. Work 4 rows. Cast off.

THE POCKET

Cast on 35 sts. Work patt. for 5 ins. Cast off.

THE BUTTONS (8 alike)

Cast on 7 sts. Work stocking st. for 10 rows. Cast off. Sew over the moulds.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew in sleeves, easing at shoulders for 4 ins. Bind the front edges and neck with braid, making stitches invisible with black cotton. Bind cuffs and all four edges of belt. Bind top edge of pocket. Sew on buttons. Sew the rest of braid in half like a tube by oversewing edges. Make this into loops and sew to the edge of neck, pocket and cuffs.

LARGER SIZES (1 more oz. is needed).

36-in. Bust

Cast on 125 sts. instead of 115 for back. Increase to 145 instead of 135. Reduce to 99 and finish as 34 size.

THE FRONTS

Cast on 70 sts. instead of 65. Increase to 80 sts. instead of 75. Reduce to 57 sts. and finish as 34 size.

38-in. Bust

As 36 size, using No. 9 needles.

Make waist belt any length to fit waist.

END

Wavy Stripes

(*Continued from page* 43)

curve, ending on last row of a white stripe. Change to blue and work on 54 sts. only until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 6 sts. at outside edge on every other row 6 times. Cast off remaining sts. Return to other side, and cast on 3 sts. at centre to make 54. Work as other side.

THE FRONT

Work as back, but do not divide sts. at yoke. Continue in blue until armholes are 8 ins. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 81 sts. Work in pattern for 3 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row for an inch. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 2 white stripes. Continue to decrease in all blue until there are 35 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew on buttons and make loops to fasten. Sew in sleeves, easing for 4 ins. across shoulders.

END

A Village Chairmaker

(*Continued from page* 25)

belonged to his father, and has finger-deep grooves in the handle which have been worn by the hands of father and son during many years of patient labour.

When the seat has been smoothed and finished, holes are bored in it to take the chair legs. When boring the holes the worker wears a curious wooden pad on his chest, known locally as a breast-bib.

The front legs of the chair are of the curved cabriolet type, widely splayed where they join the seat. The legs are joined by an attractive arched stretcher, which balances the curve of the arms.

The design of the banister splat varies, but is usually taken from a Chippendale or Heppelwhite design. Sometimes the armchairs are made with plain stick backs, to match a set of small chairs of similar design, and sometimes they have wheel backs.

Armchairs of yew wood are seldom stained, for the wood has a lovely golden glow, which improves with age. A light polish of wax is all that is needed, and the wood is as smooth as silk, and most satisfying to touch, while the unusual graining adds greatly to its beauty.

Country craftsmen, such as this one, become unfortunately rarer as the years pass. They are of a type we can ill afford to lose—simple, honest men, whose work is so close to nature that their faith in their Maker is daily refreshed and renewed. The restless self-seeking of the age has not affected them. Their workmanship is true and honest to a fine degree, and their pride in their craft is fully justified.

Perhaps in the new world after the war, a surer place will be found for our country craftsmen, who through the centuries have done so much to serve and beautify the land we love.

END

Fighter Interlude

(*Continued from page* 12)

the former, with the idea of doing the least damage to the machine. There's a little risk that this way might end with a crash, but I think that I can make it.

As I sort things out Jack lands. Now it is my turn. I must say that I have a large enough audience, for the crowd which gathered to watch us return has increased by this time. With the essential parts of my cockpit drill carried out, and flaps well down, I make a careful approach into wind with a view to dropping down close to the tarmac, which is easy to-day with the wind in the south-east. Now the boundary passes below: I'm a little low so I give a few moments to the engine to help me on to the spot at which I've chosen to touch down.

Now wait for it—you're going to dig in in a moment, old boy. As the control column comes farther back into my tummy the old Hurricane begins to feel spongy, then, as she's just about to fall the remaining couple of feet on to the turf, I switch off the motor, hold my breath, and wait for the inevitable. There! Down she goes and the good wheel sets up a rumble as it rolls. For a moment the machine continues, until, as the ailerons lose their effectiveness, she settles.

In a breathless moment the world seems to come to an end and pandemonium breaks out as the duff wheel digs in. The Hurricane lurches to port with incredible violence and the port wing-tip scratches into the earth to the accompaniment of the shrieks of distorting metal. Then by exquisite contrast all goes quiet as the motion stops. All is over. The tail is on the ground. As the fire engine and the ambulance roll alongside I climb out and touch the green turf with relief.

Somebody shakes me by the hand and asks me if I'm all right.

END

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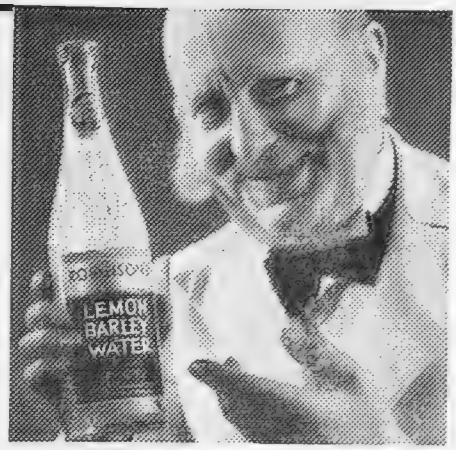
says OLD HETHERS



"No, madam, I'm sorry but I shan't be able to serve you with my Robinson's bottled Barley Water while the war lasts. In the meantime, madam, I'm sure I needn't remind you that you don't have to go without my barley water altogether. It's just a matter of going back to what we all used to do before Robinson's put up my barley water in bottles.

In those days we all made our barley water from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley, and that's what we're doing today. Flavour? Well, that is a bit of a problem, but a little ingenuity will help to solve that. The juice from stewed or tinned fruit is an excellent substitute for lemon and some people use a little honey or jam. If you have any other ideas, madam, I hope you'll be sure to let me know. My address at Norwich is on the tin."

Barley Water *made from*
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'PATENT' BARLEY

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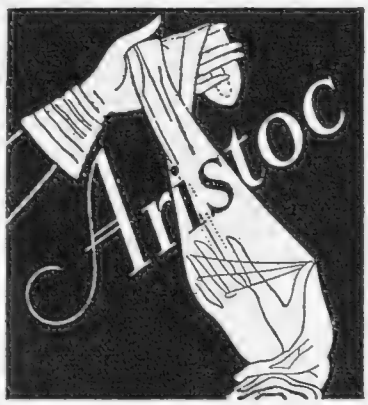
*UTILITY (Rayon & Lisle)



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Procea Bread

Babes For Britain ?

(*Continued from page 16*)

glance at the birth-rate phenomena, and find that if you take inescapable existing statistics, and accept trends which have been persistent for over seventy years now, and push mathematics to their logical conclusion (which may be unwise), you arrive at a Britain down to its last family 400 years hence.

Birth rates, like babies, need looking at from more than one angle. For appearances are deceptive, and one cannot order Britain to be filled with new British babies as easily as one orders North Africa to be emptied of armed adult Italians and Germans.

For example, stepping back and taking a full perspective view, one sees a British Empire containing only 70,000,000 whites in a total population of 500,000,000 occupying a land space of approximately 13,000,000 square miles. The whites are decreasing, and the non-whites are increasing. That's census fact.

Narrow the view to the 45,000,000 Britons living on an island 95,000 square miles small in the North Atlantic. We see that female babies born in 1850 bore 948,000 children thirty years later, but female babies born in 1912 bore only 580,000 children thirty years later, and according to a mathematical law used in estimating population changes—it has been checked over a long period and found pretty accurate, except that the great increase in birth control has to be introduced now as a factor accelerating trends of decline—female babies born to-day will give birth thirty years hence to only 355,000 children. And so on, down.

In terms of children population, we had 12,000,000 in 1901, we should have 6,500,000 in 1950, and only 4,000,000 by 1976. Turn this into age groups, and you get something like this: Out of every twenty people to-day, there are thirteen of working age, five under sixteen, and two over sixty; but forty years hence, the group of twenty will show twelve of working age, two under sixteen, and six over sixty; and this change will be accelerating, until our great-grandchildren will be caring for more old folks in institutions than children in their homes.

THE phenomenon will be visible to the naked eye first in the schools. Seats will be empty, and many schools closed down as redundant. Next, there will be a slump in the building trades, as new house needs drop from a million to half a million and down to a few thousand a year; and a boom in the undertaking trade, as an abnormally large number of old people pass normally to their rest. Finally, social problems will multiply, and the business structure will have to be modified as the population contracts (mass production, and the chain stores dependent on mass buying, will have cracked up long since).

All this, of course, presupposes a failure to stop the descending spiral. What can be done? We know what has been tried in countries which have faced up to a declining birth rate, and sought to get it up again. Italy and Germany provide that picture. I saw something of it during journalistic visits to those countries in the thirties.

In Rome I saw 350 couples married in a mass. The young couples, mostly in gala costumes, had been mobilised in the city and surrounding countryside. This mass-marriage business was an attempt to utilise a State-fostered community spirit. The one I saw was a relatively small affair. There had been one that spring embracing 2,000 couples. At a bigger one still, 2,600 couples were married, with a State-provided wedding breakfast, a public procession (free confetti), free baby outfits promised for all fruitful unions, and a free photograph of the Duce to hang in the home. Fathers producing twelve children before they reached the age of thirty got a freehold house.

Italy's annual excess of births over deaths was then 475,000. But this still represents a heavy fall from earlier rates. Migration had milked off the surplus.

Hitler's baby-forcing programme followed the Italian fascist line, but was more thorough. It utilised state ballyhoo, bribery, and the competitive spirit.

The net result up to the war was negligible. Detached observers found that the family increases produced by these high-pressure methods were not in the soundest elements of the population. The German birth rate, which had shown the same trend as the British—down from 30 to 15 per 1,000 of population since 1870—was basically unchanged. Factors which produced an increase at one end, operated to maintain or accelerate a decrease at the other end. The middle classes, the soundest breeding stock (in any nation), taxed more heavily to pay for increases among the proletariat, responded by reducing their families still further, in order to avoid being forced down in the social scale.

THE latter phenomenon is not purely Germanic. It is common to all advanced white civilisations, and has become most marked since 1930 in the United States.

The fact is, the whole white race is suffering from the malady of infertility. The only exception appears to be the U.S.S.R., which claims a birth rate of 35 to 60 per 1,000 of population. This may be exaggerated, but anyway the U.S.S.R. contains many millions of Mongols.

Why has the biology of the white race become a biology of death? Almost anybody will make a guess. It's the motor car, the modern restlessness, which has destroyed home life. It's love of pleasure and luxury: they cost money, and so people cut down on children, which also cost money. It's lack of a national maternity service, causing undue loss of children who could be saved by better ante-natal, intra-natal (during labour) and post-natal care of mother and child. It's easy divorce. And some more.

Human beings, say the biologists, obey the same natural law as all living things. A population increases according to the amount of nourishment available, and in prospect. Three centuries ago, the earth was inhabited by approximately 450,000,000 people. You can guess that Adam and Eve began it at least half a million years earlier. Suddenly and mysteriously the birth rate soared.

It seems to have begun about 1630. In the 430 years between William the Conqueror and Henry VIII, the population of this island grew from 1,000,000 to 5,000,000. By George IV's time, say 300 years later, it was 12,000,000. When Victoria began to reign, it was 16,000,000. In her reign of sixty-four years, it doubled. Now it is over 45,000,000.

America's population, 4,000,000 in 1790, and 31,000,000 in 1860, was over 130,000,000 at the last census—with the 12,000,000 non-whites everywhere multiplying faster than the whites.

Europe's population increased sixfold between 1700 and 1940. In the same time, non-white races increased threefold. On the last check, there were on earth approximately 310,000,000 blacks, 790,000,000 yellows, and 720,000,000 whites.

Why this abrupt population increase? Because the known world had begun to expand at a tremendous rate. New continents were being discovered, and peopled. New inventions were extending horizons. The frontiers of man's environment on all sides were extending. Machines were helping the process. So was medicine, which intervened not only to protect healthy lives, but to save weaklings and defectives who normally would have perished, victims of Nature's ruthless but healthy procedures designed to keep *homo sapiens* from following the mastodon into the discard.

But somewhere there's a top limit. It is set by the food and general maintenance resources available (one has to remember that we demand a standard which other races think astonishing). This limit seems to have been reached around 1870, because from that point the birth rate in all white countries—Britain, Sweden, France, New Zealand, the United States, Germany, Austria, and the rest—began to fall. It was the same in Australia, with a

(*Continued on page 66*)

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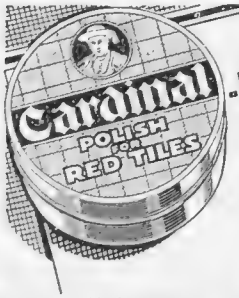

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population density of 2.2 per square mile, as in England, with a population density of 750 to the square mile. Through her birth-rate decline—27 to 17 per 1,000 of population in thirty years—Australia has been losing annually more lives than she lost in all four years of World War One.

THIS doesn't seem right when you reflect that the world for years has been producing an over-abundance of food, with the result that through the twenties and thirties agriculture was slumping everywhere. But it checks out accurately enough when you bring in the factor of ability to obtain some of that food—not to mention shelter, alcohol, tobacco, pleasures, distractions and finery—by paying for it.

Joblessness in our civilisation is like a drying-up water hole and exhausted earth in a simpler civilisation. It's not what is or can be produced that counts, but your chances of getting whatever part of it you want. Consequently when the biologist says that food factors control the population, what he really means is that income governs the race; and what that really means is that the economic system which, expanding, caused the world population increase, has now developed faults which have reversed the process.

If Churchill's Government is going to have more success than the regimes of Mussolini and Hitler in getting the birth rate up, and keeping it up, it will have to do more than make small tax concessions, or promote an M.O.I. campaign on "Why The Happiest Mothers Are Those With Big Families." The whole complex of conditions which has caused our best breeding stock to lose faith in the future, and express it by ceasing to procreate an adequate number of children, will have to be changed.

If the chief nations can work together after the Global War, world frontiers will once again expand. There is plenty of room if people spread out a bit. Three-fourths of the world's two thousand million people live on an eighth of the land surface, and a twelfth of mankind has crowded itself in 100 huge cities, London alone containing more human beings than the whole continent of Australia, and New York as many as the kingdom of Sweden.

Scientific, engineering and medical advances, affecting transportation, bacillian disease, and living conditions in hot countries, are already at work creating new conditions which approximate to the new-land discoveries of the centuries of great population growth. These should enable new migratory movements to get under way peacefully, and without the protest that more newcomers mean intensified competition for a limited number of jobs and a sparse amount of work.

Britain may at last be able to do something vigorous about her empty empire, and more Britons may get out into a world in which there is plenty of work to do. Maybe we would be better off with 30,000,000 Englishmen in England, and 50,000,000 scattered around the globe, but in constant touch through radio telephony and television, and only a few hours or a week at most away by fast, cheap world-service plane.

END

Petticoat Influence (*Continued from page* 19)

"Look!" There they were. Silvery. Glistening. Thousands of them!"

"Crikey! What a bulge in the bottom of the net." Here she comes.

"Good God! What the 'ell's that!"

"*Look out!*" In one great metallic crash the end of the net leaped over the bulwark, the crew scattered in all directions, and—there it was! There it was on the deck, its fat body glistening, leering, menacing, yet unmistakable, there it was—a mine!

It was a second or two before the crew recovered their equilibrium.

"Looks 'armless enough," said a voice somewhat shaky.

The rest of the crew laughed nervously—and all turned towards the skipper.

WITHOUT looking he knew their eyes were upon him; knew, that now above all other times, he really was—the skipper; and in that knowledge there seemed to surge within him a confidence, a confidence he was never afterwards able to explain, for it brought with it a knowledge of things he thought he'd long forgotten.

"Chief!" His voice burst in on the engine room through the open casing.

"Screwdriver! Spanner! All the tools ye've got!"

"Coxn! Yer knife!"

He whipped it from the coxn's belt before the latter could reach it.

"Away in the boat all of yer!"

The crew were on their toes now, and unwilling as they were, the tone of the skipper's order brooked no delay. But quick as they moved the skipper moved quicker. A few strokes with the knife and the net was clear, and then as they lowered the boat, they saw him bending over the mine, screwdriver in hand, steadily, coolly, rapidly—working—working.

They pulled away with long strokes. Stopped and waited. No one spoke. The wavelets lapping the boat's sides seemed the only sound they heard or would ever hear—and they waited—and waited—and waited—eyes glued on that solitary bent figure on the trawler's deck.

Suddenly the figure straightened itself and waved. The spell was broken. A great cheer spread over the evening sea, and as they rowed back they saw the skipper standing on deck, a broad grin on his face, and something—something that looked like the works of a clock in his hand.

Back at the base that evening the skipper found himself in the captain's room surrounded by a group of smiling, chattering officers who seemed to him to have come from all over England in no time. As he sipped his whisky he was bombarded with questions from all sides.

"What made you tackle the thing there and then instead of bringing it in?" asked one.

"Well, sir—some'ow or other, I suddenly remembered summat about T type—T for Tommy ye know sir—short and fat—summat about fifteen minutes after coming to the surface—ye know sir—explodin' like—dunno exactly, sir—ye know sir—what they teach yer on that theer course up in Scotland—dunno sir—exactly."

"I do though!" chipped in another.

"Grand bit of work, skipper—not quite what you thought it was, but a later model, we've been wanting one for months, given us a deal of trouble, and would have given more but for you!"

"Wonderful bit of luck, wonderful bit of luck," chanted another rather younger officer, rubbing his hands and gloating over the curious bit of mechanism on the captain's table.

"Tell me, skipper, how did you come to be at that particular spot?"

"Well sir—'er I—er—well sir—the wife 'ad been worryin' me for a bit of fish sir, an'——"

The rest of the explanation was drowned in the general merriment.

A FEW weeks later when the festivities were over, he sat down to write to his wife feeling very guilty over the quite unusually long delay. It was a very short letter—just three lines in fact.

Dear Wife,

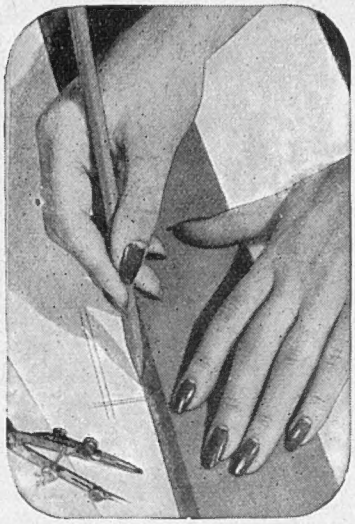
In reply to your last letter I'm sorry I can't send you no fish like Skipper Seddon, but here's me new George Cross ribbon instead. Will be home on leave nex' friday.

your loving husband

ALF.

END

Helping Hands



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On Duty—and Off

(Continued from page 33)

The doctor will ask if there has ever been any T.B. in the family, and will be told frankly if there has. If the parents suspect tuberculosis, they will consult the doctor openly. But it seldom, if ever, occurs to parents that their own children have inherited this other dreadful disease. The case of the Blank girl is not unique. There must be many apparently healthy children of infected parents whose blood test would show a positive reaction and who could be given a clean bill of health before tragedy caught up with them.

I saw the propaganda film about venereal disease, and frankly I hated it. But if it straightened out the very ugly situation which existed between Mrs. Blank and her daughter, it has probably straightened out many other ugly situations.

The authorities have not entered into this campaign lightly or unadvisedly. In order to save untold misery the public must now face these particularly unpleasant facts, and no one should remain in ignorance. Every woman in the country, whether she is in the Services or nursing, working in a factory, or a housewife, should know about the two diseases advertised in this campaign. She should know how each disease is contracted, the symptoms, the unspeakable danger risked by neglect, and the type of treatment available.

If you find yourself feeling too disgusted by the whole thing, remember John Bradford's remark when he saw the criminal on his way to the gallows: "There but for the grace of God goes John Bradford."

END

Old Tales Re-told

(Continued from page 24)

Chigi, after a moment's hesitation, murmured: "I see. *Now* I understand. To-morrow an apartment will be ready at my villa for both of you. You will be my guests and there you will remain until I see completed the 'Triumph of Galatea,' the 'Ox of Proserpine,' 'Venus's Journey to Olympus,' 'Venus and Jupiter,' 'Mercury Descending from Olympus,' 'Psyche and Venus,' 'Jupiter and Cupid,' 'Mercury and Psyche,' 'Psyche Among the Gods' and the 'Marriage of Cupid and Psyche.' When all these pictures are finished, you may disappear and hide yourselves wherever you like."

He made a low bow to the blonde head peeping over the screen, shook hands with the bewildered Raphael and walked out of the studio.

Emerging from her hiding-place Stella asked: "Shall we go?"

"We will go anywhere," answered Raphael, "so long as we can be together."

"Until the work is finished?"

"Until life is finished!"

He was then only thirty-one years old and she eighteen. At that age the ending of life seems something so remote as to be impossible. And yet . . .

The work at the Villa Farnesina was completed; and after that scores of other masterpieces issued from the same miraculous brush. Gigantic tasks as well as miniature portraits and ornamentations of every kind. With each achievement Raphael surpassed himself. He was untiring and inexhaustible. Then, suddenly, Fate seemed to decide that he had done his fair share of work. When he was only thirty-seven a brief illness swept him away. Posterity was deprived of the opportunity to see what he might have achieved in his later maturity.

He had spent only six years with Stella, "La Fornarina"—but in those six years was concentrated a whole lifetime of happiness. When he lay dead she remained sobbing at the foot of the bier. At the head of which stood his last picture, the "Transfiguration." His short life had been devoted to the three things most worth living for—art, glory and the immortalisation of the beloved.

END

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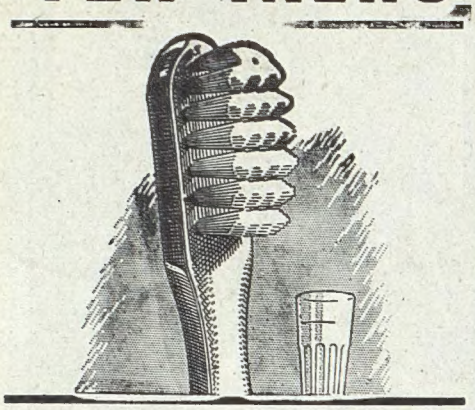

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Foreign Correspondent *versus* Diplomat

(*Continued from page* 13)

their language well. They will bore him and he will bore them, and he will fall back for companionship on his colleagues and on the British colony."

While agreeing about the Russian and Spanish displacing German and Italian for future utility purposes, a thorough knowledge of languages is not imperative in order to come close to the people of the country. How often one used to hear foreign correspondents getting along splendidly in the most extravagant version of a language which they proceeded to learn during their posting to the capital in question. I see it is proposed that future diplomats should, in somewhat similar vein, perfect themselves as they go along, but they will be at a disadvantage still. Whereas chief correspondents are wont to be left long in their capital—I recall instances of fourteen and sixteen years—the young secretaries in the Foreign Service are shifted from country to country—six months in Greece, six months in Spain, and so on. They would gain by being kept "put" longer.

I mentioned poodle-faking. Admittedly, diplomats have to pay close attention to social activities and deportment, but too much time and energy went into this sort of thing.

There was not much of a social gap between American diplomatists and American chief correspondents. Indeed, the bureaux of the latter, newspaper offices in miniature in all save printing, could take on almost as distinctive a role as the Embassy and this circumstance unquestionably conduced to U.S. correspondents securing valuable data upon which to picture the Nazis and Fascists in their true colours.

Many years ago, in Constantinople, it struck me that London editors did not appreciate to what extent their man could become representative of his country in a foreign capital. This should be more apparent in the Europe to come.

Most leading foreign correspondents worked hard and played hard. I emphasise this because, draw what conclusions you will, nearly all of those who are truly entitled to the praise Mr. Thomas hands out, raised many glasses. I can think of only two teetotalers in their ranks and one was a card-gambling fiend. Some of the illustrious fell by the wayside, but more who lived fully, got through. In fact a measure of their build-up as men derived from so-called erratic private lives in which the ladies of the country provided a valuable education. Yet another handicap for the poor diplomat who, as is well known, has to keep his love nest, if any, well beyond official discovery! The successful correspondent progressed on merit alone and only if his behaviour became publicly detrimental to his paper's repute, did the home office intervene.

Not that correspondents couldn't become happy parents liking the domesticities, though wives had to have special characteristics if they weren't to interfere with their husband's work, much of it leaning to a bohemian existence and requiring the perpetuation of independent personalities.

These men may have started in 1919 as practical idealists, but a few years around the Europe of post-Versailles produced a change in the majority to hard-boiled. That doesn't mean cynical, sardonic, for ever on the debunk, but it does mean that faith was quickly lost in several of the new doctors of humanity who appeared either unwilling or incapable of breaking with past causes of disaster. Correspondents came up with these resounding physicians face to face, they beheld the Great stripped of ballyhoo, and they didn't find them so hot. Failure after failure at international conferences and at Geneva brought disillusion, probably the first in Europe, and correspondents got sick of "talks" and longed for acts. They were thrown back on themselves for judgment and the best of them developed an independence of view founded on an unbiased probing which in time led them to say to the public, in as many words: "This is so. Take it or leave it!" That is what they did over Hitler and Mussolini. There was nothing really very wonderful about it. They wrote what they saw, deduced, and felt.

Ace foreign correspondents gained in ability by reason of the jungle of dope with which they were confronted by propagandist chiefs of various nationalities. They had to cut their way through "plants" in more senses than one. They became expert in reading into official hand-outs. Alike the studious type and those who relied more on flair developed fair-mindedness as a result of the tricks tried on them. They also developed the penetration of a pneumatic drill and the tenacity of a bull terrier. Try and put them off a story which they smelt underground! In order to get it out into the day they would pour through dullest tomes and pamphlets on finance and economics; but such labour constantly increased general proficiency. They could also be greatly helped by swapping minds with foreign colleagues who had different "entries" and "contacts" and "pipe-lines." Alas, most diplomats are in no position to do any such thing.

Ace men always had enough money, salaries being good and expenses better. Their work was not often hindered by financial considerations. One effect was that they were able to expand and indulge their likes, and this conduced to a desirable equanimity of mind. None knew better how to choose holiday grounds, nor entered more zestfully into the good things which countries had to offer. They became experts in food and wine and developed useful international digestions from all their travelling.

I recall a dinner at Horcher's in Berlin at which I was next to a leading English correspondent later expelled from Germany. I could hardly get the fellow on to the subject of Hitler—it was 1932—so dead set was he on singing the praises of German game in October and the wines that went with it. These meetings of colleagues from different capitals, who were also close friends, were of the utmost value. They promoted clashes of view and violent argument and the effect was always plus: one learnt. Another recollection of journalistic authority No. 1 on the Soviet, sitting in the Caves Murat in Paris just before the phoney war started. In an hour of fireworks he gave a few of us the latest lowdown from and of Moscow, while we took our wine. This playing ball was sheer gold, professionally. Seldom did men keep things back from their friends unless it was news or had to do with long-distance scoop-building. As long as listeners did not include bad men of the kind delineated at the beginning of this article, knowledge and judgment were considerably at each other's disposal.

Yet when discretion was indicated, there could be no more discreet person than the foreign correspondent—as diplomatists, politicians and magnates gradually found out.

Finally, there may be a good augury in the fact that correspondents of so many nations got on well together at Geneva. This was certainly so. Correspondents would often agree with one another while their governments wrangled on.

Oh, and just this. Why did private warnings have to be given to Mr. Churchill? Why weren't the facts written publicly? The answer is that doing so might (*a*) have led to a correspondent's expulsion, (*b*) have run counter to the policy of the paper he represented. Visits to Mr. Churchill were also no doubt made in order to lay special emphasis on certain angles already publicised.

END

1.6.43

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